CURRENT ANECDOTES

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SEED-THOUGHTS FOR SERMONS.

By A. T. Pierson, D. D.

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

1 John 1: 3. (430)

In 1837, July 25, Charles Wheatstone set up an experimental telegraph line between the Euston terminus and Camden Town Station of the L. & N. W. Railway in London. It was only one and a half miles long, but sufficient for a trial. A Mr. Cooke was in charge at the other end, and Wheatstone sat in a dingy little room at Euston, with no light but a tallow candle. He sent a brief message and presently Cooke replied. And Wheatstone said: "Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before, as when, all alone in that still room, I heard the needles click, and as I spelled the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention pronounced to be practicable beyond cavil or dispute." He saw that there was now nothing, but greater perfection of mechanism necessary, and fifty signals could be transmitted hundreds of thousands of miles in a minute.

RECEIVING THE MESSAGE. (431)

1 John 1: 5.

When Mr. Morse was experimenting on the telegraph, Alfred Vail was desirous to embark in it as a financial venture, and had hard work to convince Judge Stephen Vail, his father, master of the Speedwell iron works at Morristown, N. J., to give his consent. He had grave doubts of its final success. It was Jan. 6, 1838, when a miniature apparatus was set up by Morse, and Alfred sent for his father to come and see it work. The judge came down to the experimental room, and Morse explained the new machine. Calling for a piece of paper, Judge Vail wrote on it, "a patient waiter is no loser," and handing it to Alfred said: "If you can send this and Mr. Morse can read it at the other end I shall be convinced." Of course it was done, and Judge Vail was fairly overcome by his feelings.

AVOIDING TEMPTATION. (432)

Eph. 6: 11; 1 Pet. 5: 8.

Dr. Post, of the Beirut College, asked a stone mason if in taking a contract for erecting a stone building he would agree to lay up the walls for so much a square yard, and furnish labor, stone, sand, and lime? He replied: "All but the lime; you must furnish that, or the full quantity may not get into the mortar." The doctor asked: "Why, are you not honest?" "Yes," said he, "I'm honest; but, then, Sabhan Allah, es Sheitan moujood" (Praise to God there is a devil)!"

THE POLYGLOT BIBLE. (433)

Psa. 19: 7-11; Rom. 15: 4.

After Cardinal Cisneros (Ximenes) had been deprived of power, rank and perquisites by the emperor, he retired to the seclusion of Alcala, and there spent his remaining fifteen years preparing, at a cost of $240,000, a polyglot Bible, in six volumes, folio, assisted by the greatest scholars of the day. The book contains the Hebrew, Greek, Chaldaic and Vulgate texts in parallel columns with copious notes prepared by the ablest theologians and linguists. The typographical work is superb, and has never been surpassed. The initial letter of every paragraph is beautifully illuminated by hand. There are said to have been only 100 copies published, and the librarian at the archbishop's palace at Toledo says that only two are known to exist at the present day; one copy belongs to the Catholic primate of Spain and the other is in the library at the Escurial.

Twenty-two men were engaged upon the work. The editorial work was finished in 1517, but the printing was not done until 1522. Cardinal Cisneros died Nov. 6, 1517, and was buried in the chapel of the University of Alcala under a semi-Moorish, semi-Gothic tomb of great magnificence and artistic taste; but his most enduring monument is the Complutensian polyglot Bible, the greatest work of its kind.

COURTESY. (434)

1 Pet. 3:8.

The Golden Rule is the key to true courtesy. Treat the people as you wish to be treated. A Christian should be a model of courtesy, as were Christ and Paul. The late Rev. Gerald F. Dale, Jr., was styled by Dr. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton, "The model scholar, model Christian and model gentleman of Princeton."

Nothing will supply the want of Christian common sense. A "missionary" in India once wrote home to his friends that he could get on well enough but for "these miserable natives, who kept crowding into his house; but now he had a bulldog and hoped to keep them off."

REASON. (435)

Isa. 1:18.

Locke says that to abandon the use of reason in matters of revelation is like putting out the eyes in order to use the telescope.

SCIENCE AFFIRMS GOD. (436)

Neh. 9:6; 2 Kings 19:15.

Lord Kelvin (Sir Wm. Thompson), who is called the greatest living man of science, wrote in the June number of the "Nineteenth Century" the following: "Science positively affirms Creative Power."

"It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the Creating and Directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief.

"Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to affirm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical and physical forces, and that unknown thing is Vital Principle.

"We only know God in his works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in Directive Power—an inference other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces. There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power, and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal! Modern scientific men are in agreement with Cicero in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power.

"Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, 'No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them, could grow by mere chemical forces.' If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to a belief in God, which is the foundation of all religions."

Thus: Modern science is opposed to Atheism, for "we know God in his works." (2) It is opposed to Materialism, for it asserts that matter is the creation of mind. (3) It is opposed to Pantheism, for it speaks of God as a personal Creator and Director apart from his works. (4) It is opposed to Agnosticism, for it asserts that "we know God." (5) It is opposed to Fatalism, for it insists that God both created and directs the universe. (6) It is opposed to Deism, for it teaches that God is "in his works as a vital principle." (7) It is opposed to Polytheism, for it asserts but one Creator and Director. (8) It is opposed to Nature Worship, for it teaches a power behind nature, which sustains it and directs it. (9) It is opposed to Positivism for it speaks of a force other than physical, etc., and (10) It is opposed to Indifference, because it asserts that unbelief is an unnatural choice; since, "if you think strongly enough, you will be forced by science to a belief in God, which is the foundation of all religions."

LEGEND OF JULIAN. (437)

Psa. 110:1; Rev. 17:14.

"What is your 'Carpenter' doing now?" was the insolent question which the sneering pagan sophist, Lebanius, put to one of the early followers of the Nazarene. "He is making a coffin," was the quiet reply of the disciple. When, very shortly after, the Apostate Emperor, Julian, was cut short in his brilliant career of statesmanship and victory, dying with these significant words upon his lips: "Thou hast conquered, O, Galilean!" Julian being the peculiar idol of Lebanius, on whom he lavished such proud devotion, it seemed to those humble Christians that the reply made to Lebanius was an unconscious prophecy. Is it not true that the Galilean Carpenter is making a coffin, and in it every false religion and form of enmity to the Christ of Nazareth is doomed to have an ignominious and final burial?

EARTHLY HAPPINESS. (438)

Job. 20:5; Eccl. 2:11.

Abdahahman, the magnificent, wrote in his private diary, "All my life long I have been prosperous in peace, and victorious in war, feared by my enemies, loved and honored by my friends. Amid all this wealth and glory, I have counted the days of my life which I could call happy. They amount to fourteen!"

SILENCE AND GRANDEUR. (439)

1 Kings 19:11-13; Psa. 29:3, 4.

Many grand objects in the world are heralded by sound; the solemn music of Niagara, the roar of active geysers in the Yellowstone, the intermittent thunder of the sea upon a rocky coast, are all distinguishable at some distance, but over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado broods a solemn silence. No warning voice proclaims its awful presence. . . .

The globe itself seemed to have suddenly yawned asunder, leaving me trembling on the hither brink of two dissevered hemispheres. Vast as the bed of a vanished ocean, deep as Mount Washington, riven from its apex to its base, the grandest canyon on our planet lay glittering below me in the sunlight like a submerged continent, drowned by an ocean that had ebbed away. At my very feet, so near that I could have leaped at once into eternity, the earth was cleft to a depth of 6,600 feet—not by a narrow gorge like other canyons, but by an awful gulf within whose cavernous immensity the forests of the Adirondacks would appear like jackstraws, the Hudson Palisades would be an insignificant stratum, Niagara would be indiscernable, and cities could be tossed like pebbles.

CARNAL SPIRIT. (440)

Mal. 3: 8-10.

Comparative cost of missions and other expenditures.

Taking one thousand dollars as the basis of our estimate, it is reckoned that we spend annually on schools, $30; on footwear, $60; on cotton goods, $65; on woolen goods, $75; on meat, $100; on breadstuffs, $150; on kid gloves, $18; on ostrich feathers, $2; on tobacco, $200; on drink, $300=$1,000.

To state it differently, out of every $1,000, we spend for food $250, clothing $218, ostrich plumes $2, education $30, tobacco and rum $500. Our gifts to missions are but $2 out of $1,000—the same as the ladies give for ostrich plumes!

Illustrations from "Old Wine in New Bottles."

By LEN G. BROUGHTON. Published by F. M. BARTON.

(441) INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT.

1 Cor. 9: 19-22; Prov. 4: 14, 15; Prov. 13: 20.

You have perhaps heard the story of the mother in England who had seven bright boys. One after one they left their comfortable home and went to sea. When the last one had gone, she sent for her pastor asking him, if possible, to explain to her the reason for their conduct. Said she, "These boys have never seen a ship, and yet, one after another, they have left home and gone to live the life of sailors." Just at that time the pastor, spied over the mantel a magnificent painting. It represented a ship at full sail. Her white-winged sails were stretched to the breezes while the smoke from her smokestacks, flung out to the winds, spread itself like a wasted cloud. Grandly and proudly she plowed her way toward the shore. Merry passengers crowded upon her deck, waving their handkerchiefs to anxious friends who awaited their arrival. It was an inspiring sight. "When," said the pastor, "did you get that magnificent painting?" "It was a bridal present," said she, "when we were married." "And all the time," said the pastor, "it has been in your room?" "Yes," said she, "all the time." "Ah, that tells the story," said the preacher. "As they have grown up they have been unconsciously inspired with the glory of sea life. That picture is stamped indelibly upon their lives, and their going was but an inevitable result of constant teaching."

LITTLE FLAWS. (442)

Matt. 5: 19; Jas. 2: 10.

I have read of a sculptor who for seven years had been trying to carve out of a piece of marble the statue of some king. He had completed the work with the exception of some delicate touches about the eyes. Great crowds of specialists had come and looked on this wonderful piece of art. His name had been heralded abroad as being the finest sculptor of the age. But as he was putting on the finishing touch his chisel slightly slipped, and destroyed one of the eyes. The whole figure was ruined. Mothers and fathers, young men and young women, you who are to bring into existence the children of the next generation, let me impress upon you that you are carving statues, not upon stone, but unconsciously carving the characters of the world's men and women. Let me warn you to be careful how you let the chisel of life slip, lest in one single solitary mistake you may wreck and ruin what might otherwise have been a glorious character.

EAGLE OR CHICKEN? (443)

Isa. 40: 31; Psa. 103: 5.

A friend of mine told me this little story. He said a friend of his was telling him an experience with his boys he should never forget. His friend bought a young eagle, and his boys were greatly delighted over it. They put him in the chicken house and kept him locked up with the chickens. The boys said, "Papa, that eagle is associating with the chickens all right. We think we might let him out." The father said, "Boys, that eagle will leave you as sure as you let him out." The boys said, "Papa, he thinks he is a chicken. He does not know the difference." And so they opened the door and let him out. They fed him some corn, and he went to the little water trough and drank water like a chicken. One of the little boys went running to his father and said, "Papa, come out here and see that eagle. He is out in the yard eating and playing and drinking just like a chicken." The father said, "You go put that eagle up." The boys replied, "Papa, he thinks he is a chicken, and we think he will stay all the time." Soon they went out in the yard and sure enough there was the eagle. He was walking around just as big as any rooster in the yard. It was a cloudy day. After awhile there came a stream of light and fell down on the chicken yard. As soon as the light struck the earth the eagle raised his head, fixed his eye upon the stream of light, and lifted his

wings, and with one shriek he went up through space to an eagle's native air.

You want to know whether you are saved or not? Many of you have been eating with chickens until I declare you look like them. It will not do to trust appearances. The nature must change.

AT THE KING'S TABLE. (444)

Isa. 55: 1, 2; Prov. 9: 1-6.

Finally, I reason with you all. We need a higher type of Christian character. A friend of mine gave me this story. He said: A few years ago a Georgian decided to make a trip by way of steamer from Savannah to Boston. He knew nothing about steamship travel. So the day before he was to start he got him a good size shoe box and filled it full of cheese and crackers—enough to last him to Boston. With his box of cheese and crackers he got aboard. When everybody else went to supper he got out his shoe box and went on deck and helped himself. And this he did every meal. Finally his appetite became more of a question. Hence the captain was approached by him one day as he was going to dinner and asked, "Captain, what would you charge, please sir, to let me go down there and get one square meal?" "Why, my fellow," said the jolly captain, "have you not had anything to eat since you left Savannah?" "Yes," said he, "a bit of cheese and crackers; but I'll vow, Captain, if I don't get something else I'll eat the shoe box." "Why," said the Captain, "your ticket calls for meals and passage. Go down and help yourself." How much like the average Christian! Here we are carrying our shoe box around, living on cheese and crackers, when we might be eating at the King's table.

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS. (445)

Matt. 25: 34-36.

In a large, open square in New Orleans, stands a beautiful marble statue erected by the city, and on the statue are these words: "The Statue of Margaret of New Orleans."

She was left an orphan by the ravages of yellow fever. She married in early womanhood but her husband soon died, also her only child. She was poor and uneducated, and could scarcely write her name. She went to work in the Orphan Asylum for Girls. She toiled early and late, solicited groceries from merchants, and, indeed, put her whole life into the work for the orphans. When a new and beautiful asylum was built, Margaret and one of the Sisters of Mercy freed it from debt. Margaret opened a dairy and bakery in the city, of her own. Everybody knew her, and patronized her milk wagon and bakery. She worked very hard and saved every cent, to help the orphans whom in effect she had adopted as her own children. She never owned a silk dress or wore a kid glove, and she was very plain; but the city erected this beautiful monument to the orphans' friend, as a thank offering for a beautiful, helpful, unselfish life of service.

THE WEALTH OF INFLUENCE(446)

Matt. 5: 13-16; 1 Pet. 2: 12.

In a Bible class recently the teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different excellences. He spoke of Jerome's Vulgate, of Luther's German Bible, of our own King James' Version and of the Revised Version, and how it was made. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it.

"I think I prefer the King James' Version for my part," he said, "though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said.

"Your mother's?" cried the first young man, thinking his companion had suddenly gone crazy. "What do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me ever since I was old enough to understand it," said Fred. "She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about her version. Her everyday life is a translation of God's word that a child can read, and that St. Jerome could not better. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."

LEADING MEN. (447)

Neh. 6: 9; Jer. 26: 13.

In Napoleon's army one of his bravest men was Marshal Lannes. One day he ordered his men to capture the city of Ratisbon. As the men reached the top of the wall, however, many were shot down. Again and again they made the attempt, with similar results. Then another command was given, but this time they refused to go. Lannes, brave soldier that he was, then leaped off his horse and putting his foot on the round of the ladder, turned and faced his men, "Follow me!" said he, "and I'll show you that a Marshal of France is not afraid of Austrian bullets." Up! up! followed by every soldier. They leaped upon the enemy and captured the city. Oh, soldiers of the cross, we've been standing in the background. We've been saying to politicians, go on! Give us reform. Protect our homes. Defend our helpless children, and heart-aching wives and mothers. And politicians have pretended to be our friends. They have often started, but quaked before the enemy. Now the responsibility is upon us Christians!

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Illustrations from Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

Rev. T. M. Fothergill, Th. D.

[The following illustrations of deep, spiritual truths are taken from Prof. Drummond's famous work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and will be found useful in adding dignity and freshness to a discourse, as well as shedding light upon questions sometimes regarded as abstruse. They constitute only a few of the many fine and useful things to be found in a rich treasure-house.]

NEW BIRTH IS NECESSARY. (448)

John 3: 5.

What essentially is involved in saying that there is no spontaneous generation of life? It is meant that the passage from the mineral world to the plant or animal world is hermetically sealed on the mineral side. This inorganic world is staked off from the living world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No change of substance, no modification of environment, no chemistry, no electricity, nor any form of energy, nor any evolution can endow any single atom of the mineral world with the attribute of life. Only by the bending down into this dead world of some living form can these dead atoms be gifted with the properties of vitality; without this preliminary contact with life, they remain fixed in the inorganic sphere forever. . . . The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut, and no mineral can open it. So the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut, and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the spiritual world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of spiritual life. The spiritual world is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis.—"Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

SPIRITUAL LIFE MAKES CHRISTIANITY UNIQUE. (449)

John 36: 24.

It is this great law (He that hath the Son hath life), which finally distinguishes Christianity from all other religions. It places the religion of Christ upon a footing altogether unique. There is no analogy between the Christian religion, and say Buddhism or the Mohamedanism. There is no true sense in which a man can say "He that hath Buddha hath life." Buddha has nothing to do with life. He may have something to do with morality. He may stimulate, impress, teach, guide, but there is no distinct new thing added to the souls of those who profess Buddhism. These religions may be developments of the natural, mental or moral man, but Christianity professes to be more. It is the mental or moral man plus something else or some One else. It is the infusion into the spiritual man of a new life, of a quality unlike anything else in nature. This constitutes the separate kingdom of Christ, and gives to Christianity alone of all the religions of mankind the strange mark of Divinity.

CONVERSION A SUDDEN EVENT.

John 5: 24; Acts 9: 1-8. (450)

Yet once more—and this is a point of strange and frivolous dispute—this life comes suddenly. This is the only way in which life can come. Life cannot come gradually—health can, structure can, but not life. . . . . There may be cases—they are probably in the majority—where the moment of contact with the living spirit, though sudden, has been obscure. But the real moment and the conscious moment are two different things. Science pronounces nothing as to the conscious moment. If it did, it would probably say that that was seldom the real moment. The moment of birth in the natural world is not a conscious moment—we do not know we are born till long afterward. Yet there are men to whom the origin of the new life in time has been no difficulty. To Paul, for instance, Christ seems to have come at a definite period of time, the exact moment and second of which could have been known, and this is certainly, in theory at least, the normal origin of life, according to the principles of biology. The line between the living and the dead is a sharp line. When the dead atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, are seized upon by life, the organism at first is very lowly. It possesses few functions. It has little beauty. Growth is a work of time. But life is not. That comes in a moment. At one moment it was dead; the next it lived. This is conversion, the "passing from death unto life."

SIN IS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

Gal. 6: 7, 8. (451)

This destroying process, obscure, goes on quite independently of God's judgment on sin. God's judgment on sin is another and a more awful fact of which this may be a part. But it is a distinct fact by itself, which we can hold and examine separately, that on purely natural principles the soul that is left to itself unwatched, uncultivated, unredeemed, must fall away into death by its own nature. The soul that sinneth "it shall die." It shall die, not necessarily because God passes sentence of death upon it, but because it cannot help dying. It has neglected "the functions" which resist death, and has always been dying. The punishment is in its very nature.

THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT. (452)

Heb. 2: 1-3.

Suppose a bird fancier collects a flock of tame pigeons distinguished by all the infinite ornamentations of their race. They are of all kinds, of every shade of color and adorned with every variety of marking. He takes them to an uninhabited island and allows them to fly off wild into the woods. They found a colony there, and after the lapse of many years the owner returns to the spot. He will find that a remarkable change has taken place in the interval. The birds, or their descendants rather, have all become changed into the same color. The black, the white, and the dun, the striped, the spotted and the ringed are all metamorphosed into one—a dark slaty blue. All the beautiful colors, all the old graces of form it may be have disappeared.

Again a garden is planted, let us say with strawberries and roses, and for a number of years is left alone. In process of time it will run to waste. But this does not mean that the plants will really waste away, but that they will change into something else, and as it invariably appears into something worse; in the one case, namely, into the small wild strawberry of the woods, and in the other into the primitive dog-rose of the hedges.

Again there are certain burrowing animals, the mole for instance, which have taken to spending their lives beneath the surface of the ground. And nature has taken her revenge upon them in a thoroughly natural way, she has closed up their eyes. If they mean to live in darkness, she argues, eyes are obviously a superfluous function. . . . . So the eyes are taken away or reduced to a rudimentary state.

There are fishes which have had to pay the same terrible forfeit for having made their abode in dark caverns where eyes can never be required. And in exactly the same way the spiritual eye must die and lose its power, by purely natural law if the soul chooses to walk in darkness rather than light.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MORALIST. (453)

Romans 8: 8, 9; 1 Peter 3: 18.

The human form may be copied in wax, yet somehow one never fails to detect the difference. And this is precisely the difference between a native growth of Christian principle, and the moral copy of it. The one is natural and the other mechanical. The one is a growth, and the other an accretion. Now this, according to modern biology, is the fundamental distinction between the living and the not living, between an organism and a crystal. The living organism grows, the dead crystal increases. The first grows vitally from within, the last adds new particles from the outside. The whole difference between the Christian and the moralist lies here. The Christian works from the center, the moralist from the circumference. The one is an organism, in the center of which is planted by the living God a living germ. The other is a crystal, very beautiful it may be, but only a crystal—it wants the vital principle of growth.

And one sees also, what is sometimes very difficult to see, why salvation in the first instance is never directly connected with morality. The reason is not that salvation does not demand morality, but that it demands so much of it that the moralist can never reach up to it. The end of salvation is perfection—the Christ-like mind, character and life. Morality is on the way to this perfection; it may go a considerable distance towards it, but it can never reach it. Only life can do that. . . . Therefore the man who has within himself this great formative agent, life, is nearer the end than the man who has morality alone.

CONDITIONS OF GROWTH IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. (454)

Matt. 6: 25, 26; Phil. 2: 5; John 15: 4, 5.

If the amount of energy lost in trying to grow were spent in fulfilling the conditions of growth, we should have many more cubits to show for our stature. It is with these conditions that the personal work of the Christian is chiefly concerned. Observe for a moment what they are and their exact relation. For its growth the plant needs heat, light, air, and moisture. A man, therefore, must go in search of these, or their spiritual equivalents, and this is his work? By no means. The Christian's work is not yet. Does the plant go in search of its conditions? Nay, the conditions come to the plant. It no more manufactures the heat, light, air and moisture, than it manufactures its own stem. It finds them all around in nature. It simply stands still with its leaves spread out in unconscious prayer, and nature lavishes upon it these and all other bounties, bathing it in sunshine, pouring the nourishing air over and over it, reviving it graciously with its nightly dew. Grace, too, is as free as the air. "The Lord God is a sun." He is as the "Dew" to Israel. A man has no more to manufacture these than he has to manufacture his own soul. . . . . He manufactures nothing; he earns nothing; he need be anxious for nothing; his one duty is to be in these conditions, to abide in them, to allow grace to play over him, to be still therein and know that this is God.

THE UNSPIRITUAL MAN IS DEAD.

Ephes. 2: 2; Rom. 8: 6. (455)

The unspiritual man is he who lives in the circumscribed environment of this present world. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." "To be carnally minded is death." To be carnally minded, translated into the language of science is to be limited in one's correspondences to the environment of the natural man. It is no necessary part of the conception that the mind should be either purposely irreligious or directly vicious. . . . . This earthly mind may be of noble calibre, enriched by culture, high toned, virtuous and pure. But if it know not God? What though its correspondences reach to the stars of heaven or grasp the magnitude of time and space? The stars of heaven are not heaven. Space is

not God. . . We do not picture the possessor of this carnal mind as in any sense a monster. We have said he may be high toned, virtuous and pure. The plant is not a monster because it is dead to the voice of the bird; nor is he a monster who is dead to the voice of God. The contention at present simply is that he is dead. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

ACCEPTING THE AGNOSTIC'S OWN TESTIMONY. (456)

Psa. 4: 1; Acts. 17: 23.

The Christian apologist never further misses the mark than when he refuses the testimony of the Agnostic to himself. When the Agnostic tells me he is blind, and deaf, dumb, torpid, and dead to the spiritual world, I must believe him. Jesus tells me that, science tells me that. He knows nothing of this outermost circle; and we are compelled to trust his sincerity as readily when he deplores it as if, being a man without an ear, he professed to know nothing of a musical world, or being without taste, of a world of art. The nescience of the agnostic philosophy is the proof from experience that to be carnally minded is death. Let the theological value of the concession be duly recognized. It brings no solace to the unspiritual man to be told he is mistaken. To say he is self deceived is neither to compliment him nor Christianity. He builds in all sincerity who raises his altar to the unknown God. He does not know God. With all his marvellous and complex correspondences he is still one correspondence short.

SOME SINS NEED TO BE DEALT WITH SUDDENLY. (457)

Mark 6: 43-47.

Now the least experience of life will make it evident that a large class of sins can only be met as it were by suicide. The peculiar feature of death by suicide is that it is not only self-evident but sudden, and there are many sins which must either be dealt with suddenly or not at all. Under this category, for instance, are to be included generally all sins of the appetites and passions. Other sins from their peculiar nature can only be treated by methods less abrupt, but the sudden operation of the knife is the only successful means of dealing with fleshy sins. For example the correspondence of the drunkard with his wine is a thing which can be broken off by degrees only in the rarest cases. To attempt it gradually may, in an isolated case, succeed, but even the slightly prolonged gratification is no compensation for the slow torture of a gradually diminishing indulgence. "If thine appetite offend thee cut it off," may seem at first a harsh remedy; but when we contemplate on the one hand the lingering pain of the gradual process, on the other its constant peril, we are compelled to admit that the principle is as kind as it is wise.

ONE SIN WILL BRING DEATH.

James 2: 10. (458)

There may be only one avenue between the new life and the old, it may be but a small and subterranean passage, but this is sufficient to keep the old life in. So long as that remains the victim is not "dead to sin," and therefore he cannot "live unto God." Hence the reasonableness of the words, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend at one point, he is guilty of all." In the natural world it only requires a single vital correspondence of the body to be out of order to insure death. It is not necessary to have consumption, diabetes, and an aneurism to bring the body to the grave if it have heart-disease. He who is fatally diseased in one organ, necessarily pays the penalty with his life, though all the others be in perfect health. And such, likewise, are the mysterious unity and correlation of functions in the spiritual organism that the disease of one member may involve the ruin of the whole. . . . . "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is better for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

SELF DENIAL NECESSARY TO A LARGER LIFE. (459)

Matt. 10: 37-39; John 10: 10.

Is it not plain, after all, that the life of self-denial is the more abundant just in proportion to the ampler crucifixion of the narrower life? Is it not a clear case of exchange—an exchange, however, where the advantage is entirely on our side? We give up a correspondence in which there is a little life, to enjoy a correspondence in which there is an abundant life. What though we sacrifice a hundred such correspondences we make but the more room for the great one that is left. The lesson of self-denial, that is to say of limitation, is concentration. . . . . To concentrate upon a few great correspondences, to oppose to the death the perpetual petty larceny of our life by trifles—these are the conditions for the highest and happiest life. It is only limitation which can secure the illimitable.

ETERNAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNAL LIFE. (460)

John 17: 3.

The popular idea, in spite of a hundred protests, is that eternal life is to live forever. A single glance at the *locus classicus* might have made this error impossible. There we are told that life eternal is not to live. This is life eternal—"to know." . . . . . From time to time the taunt is thrown at religion, not unseldom from lips which science ought to have taught more caution, that the future life of Christianity is simply a prolonged existence, an eternal monotony, a blind and indefinite continuance of being. The Bible never could commit itself to such an empty platitude; nor could Christianity ever offer to the world a hope so colorless . . . . . not that eternal life

has nothing to do with everlastingness. That is part of the conception. . . . . To correspond with the God of science, the eternal unknowable, would be everlasting existence. To correspond with the "true God and Jesus Christ" is eternal life. The quality of the eternal life alone makes the heaven: mere everlastingness might be no boon. . . . . Therefore we must not only have quantity of years to speak in the language of the present, but quality of correspondence—faith, love.

IMPORTANCE OF A RIGHT ENVIRONMENT. (461)

John 15: 1-5.

Every living thing normally requires for its development an environment containing air, light, heat, and water. In addition to these, if vitality is to be prolonged for any length of time, and if it is to be accompanied with growth and the expenditure of energy, there must be a constant supply of food. When we simply remember how indispensable food is to growth and work, and when we further bear in mind that the food supply is solely contributed by the environment, we shall realize at once the meaning and the truth of the proposition that without environment there can be no life. Seventy per cent. at least of the human body is made of pure water, the rest of gases and earths. These have all come from environment. . . . . Let us appeal to chemistry. When a piece of coal is thrown on the fire, we say that it will radiate into the room a certain quantity of heat. This heat, in the popular conception, is supposed to reside in the coal, and to be set free during the process of combustion. In reality, however, the heat energy is only a part contained in the coal. It is contained just as truly in the coal's environment—that is to say in the oxygen of the air. . . . The heat comes, therefore, partly from the coal and partly from the environment. Coal alone never could produce heat, neither alone could environment. The two are mutually dependent. . . . . For what does this amount to in the spiritual world? Is it not merely the scientific restatement of the reiterated aphorism of Christ, —"Without me ye can do nothing." "Abide in me and I in you."

THE PARASITIC DOCTRINE OF SALVATION. (462)

Matt. 3: 9; 2 Thess. 2: 4.

Had an organization been specially designed, indeed, to induce the parasitic habit in the souls of men, nothing better fitted to its disastrous end could be established than the system of Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism offers to the masses a molluscan shell. They have simply to shelter themselves within its pale, and they are "safe." But what is this "safe?" It is an external safety—the safety of an institution. It is a salvation recommended to men by all that appeals to the motives in most common use with the vulgar and the superstitious, but which has as little vital connection with the individual soul as the dead whelk's shell with the living hermit.

We can never dismiss from memory the sadness with which we once listened to the confession of a certain foreign Professor. "I used to be concerned about religion," he said in substance, "but religion is a great subject. I was very busy; there was little time to settle it for myself. A Protestant, my attention was called to the Roman Catholic religion. It suited my case, and instead of dabbling in religion for myself I put myself in its hands. Once a year," he concluded, "I go to mass." These were the words of one whose work will live in the history of his country, who knew all about parasitism, yet, though he thought it not, this is parasitism in its worst and most degrading form.

THE PENALTY OF BACKSLIDING.

Prov. 14: 14; Jer. 2: 19. (463)

Within the body of the hermit-crab a minute organism may frequently be discovered resembling, when magnified, a miniature kidney-bean. A bunch of root-like processes hangs from one side, and the extremities of these are seen to ramify in delicate films through the living tissues of the crab. This simple organism is known to the naturalist as a Sacculina.

One reason which makes the zoologist certain that the Sacculina is a degenerate type is, that in almost all other instances of animals which begin life in the Nauplius form—and there are several—the Nauplius develops through higher and higher stages, and arrives finally at the high perfection displayed by the shrimp, lobster, crab, and other crustaceans. But instead of rising to its opportunities, the sacculine nauplius, having reached a certain point, turned back. It shrunk from the struggle for life, and beginning probably by seeking shelter from its host, went on to demand its food; and so, falling from bad to worse, became in time an entire dependent. . . . . Its punishment was simply that it was a Sacculina, that it was a Sacculina when it might have been a crustacean. . . . . We fail to appreciate the meaning of spiritual degeneration or detect the terrible nature of the consequences only because they evade the eye of sense. But could we investigate the spirit as a living organism, or study the soul of the backslider on principles of comparative anatomy, we should have a revelation of the organic effects of sin, even of the mere sin of carelessness as to growth and work, which must revolutionize our ideas of practical religion.

EACH PERSON MUST SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH FOR HIMSELF. (464)

2 Tim. 2: 15; John 5: 39.

Nature never provides for man's wants in any direction, bodily, mental or spiritual, in such a form as that he can simply accept her gifts automatically. She puts all the mechanical power at his disposal but he must make his lever. She gives him corn, but he must grind it. She elaborates coal, but he must dig for it. Corn is perfect, all the products of nature are perfect, but he has everything to do to

them before he can use them. So with truth; it is perfect, infallible. But he cannot use it as it stands. He must work, think, separate, dissolve, absorb, digest; and most of these he must do for himself and within himself. If it be replied that this is exactly what theology does, we answer it is exactly what it does not. It simply does what the green-grocer does, when he arranges his apples and plums in his shop window. He may tell a magnum bonum from a Victoria, or a Baldwin from a Newton Pippin. But he does not help me to eat it. His information is useful, and for scientific horticulture essential. Should a sceptical pomologist deny that there was such a thing as a Baldwin, or mistake it for a Newton Pippin, we should be glad to refer to him, but if we were hungry, and an orchard were handy, we should not trouble him. Truth in the Bible is an orchard, rather than a museum.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL MAN.

Shown by Their Possibilities. (465)

Rom. 7: 6-8; 1 John 3: 2.

The difference on the score of beauty between the crystal and the shell let us say once more is imperceptible, but fix attention for a moment not upon their appearance, but upon their relation to the future, and upon their place in evolution. The crystal has reached its ultimate stage of development. It can never be more beautiful than it is now. Take it to pieces and give it the opportunity to beautify itself afresh, and it will just do the same thing over again. It will form itself into a six-sided pyramid, and go on repeating this same form ad infinitum as often as it is dissolved, and without ever improving by a hair's breadth. Its law of crystallization allows it to reach this limit, and nothing within its kingdom can do any more for it. In dealing with the crystal, in short, we are dealing with the maximum beauty of the inorganic world, but in dealing with the shell we are not dealing with the maximum of achievement of the organic world. In itself it is one of the humblest forms of the invertebrate sub-kingdom of the organic world.

In dealing with a man of fine moral character again we are dealing with the highest achievement of the organic kingdom, but in dealing with a spiritual man we are dealing with the lowest form of a life in the spiritual world. To contrast the two, therefore, and marvel that the one is apparently so little better than the other, is unscientific and unjust. The spiritual man is a mere unformed embryo, hidden as yet in his earthly chrysalis-case, while the natural man has the breeding and evolution of ages represented in his character. But what are the possibilities of this spiritual organism? What is yet to emerge from this chrysalis-case? The natural character finds its limits within the organic sphere, but who is to define the limits of the spiritual? Even now it is very beautiful. Even as an embryo it contains some prophecy of its future glory, but the point to mark is that "It doth not yet appear what it shall be."

HYPOCRISY PRACTICED. (466)

Matt. 7: 16-23.

Recent botanical and entomological researches have made science familiar with what is termed mimicry. Certain organisms in one kingdom assume for purposes of their own the outward form of organism belonging to another. This curious hypocrisy is practiced both by plants and animals, the object being to secure some personal advantage, usually safety, which would be denied were the organism always to play its part in nature in propria persona. Thus the ceroxylus laceratus of Borneo has assumed so perfectly the disguise of a moss covered branch as to evade the attack of insectivorous birds, and others of the walking-stick insects and leaf-butterflies practice similar deceptions with great effrontery and success. It is a startling result of the indirect influence of Christianity, or of a spurious Christianity, that the religious world has come to be populated—how largely one can scarcely venture to think—with mimetic species. In few cases probably is this a conscious deception. In many doubtless it is induced, as in the ceroxylus, by the desire for safety. But in a majority of instances it is the natural effect of the prestige of a great system upon those who, coveting its benedictions, yet fail to understand its true nature, or decline to hear its profounder responsibilities. It is here that the test of *life* becomes of supreme importance. No classification on the ground of form can exclude mimetic species or discover them to themselves. But if man's place among the kingdoms is determined by his functions, a careful estimate of his life in itself, and in its reaction upon surrounding lives, ought at once to betray his real position.

MAN ONLY SATISFIED WITH GOD.

Psa. 42: 12; John 7: 37-39. (467)

Nature is not more natural to my body than God is to my soul. Every animal and plant has its own environment. And the farther one inquires into the relations of the one to the other, the more one sees the marvelous intricacy and beauty of the adjustments. These wonderful adaptations of each organism to its surroundings—of the fish to the water, of the eagle to the air, of the insect to the forest-bed; and of each part of every organism—the fish's swim-bladder, the eagle's eye, the insect's breathing tubes which the old argument from design brought home to us with such enthusiasm—inspire us still with a sense of the boundless resource and skill of nature in perfecting her arrangements for each single life. Down in the last details the world is made for what is in it; and by whatever process things are as they are, all organisms find in surrounding nature the ample complement of themselves. Man, too, finds in his environment provision for all capacities, scope for the exercise of every faculty, room for the indulgence of each appetite, a just supply for every want. So the spiritual man at the apex of the pyramid of life finds in the vaster range of his environment a provision as much higher, it is true, as he is higher, but as delicately adjusted to his varying needs.

PREACHER'S SCRAP-BOOK

Contributed by GEORGE R. MERRILL, Uniondale, Pa.

MADE RICH BY A WHIPPING. (468)

Heb. 12: 11; Gen. 50: 20.

Judicious application of the birch has wrought wonders in many boys, but a British journal records a single whipping that made its victim a millionaire.

Twenty years ago a man named Mago was a poor English collector of insects in Guatemala, and the British Vice-Consul at San Jose. One day Commandante Gonzalez ordered Mago to appear before him. Mago sent word that he would come in a short time. This incensed the commandante, and he sent a file of soldiers after the insect collector, and ordered seventy-five lashes to be laid upon his bare back. When it was finished, Gonzales shouted:

"Give him twenty-five more for luck!"

When Mago recovered he made a formal complaint to the British government. The result was that Guatemala was ordered to punish Gonzalez, and to pay Mago five hundred dollars for every lash he had received.

Guatemala punished Gonzalez but tried hard to avoid paying fifty thousand dollars to Mago. The British government, however, was inexorable, and the poor collector was made a rich man in one day.

Mago's fortune is now estimated at five million dollars, all due to one hundred lashes on his back.

LIVING OR DYING. (469)

Phil. 1: 23, 24.

Lieutenant Greely, one of the six survivors of the ill-fated arctic expedition, said: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I had to live anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, but in fact I had too many things to attend to." Paul, enfeebled with old age and worn out with labors and persecution, wrote: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

WISE FAITH. (470)

Psa. 14: 1.

At a dinner party given by a rich banker, at which Alexander Dumas was present, the company discussed the existence of God, and a certain general was very scornful on the subject, wondering how people could trouble to discuss such trifles. "For my part," he added, "I can't conceive of the existence of this mysterious being whom they call 'the good God.'" "General," replied Dumas, "I have two hunting dogs, two monkeys, and a parrot at home, which are of your opinion exactly."

ALEXANDER'S GIFT. (471)

Rom. 8: 32; Matt. 7: 7.

There is a legend that Alexander told a friend to draw on him for as much money as he wished. The treasurer soon came before the king in great indignation to say that his friend had abused confidence and ought to lose his head. He had asked for $40,000,000! "No," said Alexander, "he honors me; he estimates my ability, and exalts my friendship. Pay the draft." Our King is richer in worlds than Sahara in grains of sand. Beyond doubt we dishonor him by the littleness of our askings.

GODDESS OF REASON. (472)

Luke 20: 18.

On September 30, 1863, there died in a little town of Alsace, an idiotic beggar woman. She was an object of curiosity to those who knew her strange history, whose one crowning moment of insane excitement she was never tired of telling to her visitors. For this woman was the very one whom the godless mob, in the days of the French Revolution, had elevated to be their "Goddess of Reason." On that day she had sat on the altar of Notre Dame, clad in white robes, ornamented with a blue mantle and red cap, and holding a pike in her hand. There she had mocked at Christ, and there she had been hailed as the new deity who was to redeem France. What a pathetic commentary on the folly of sin was seen in the beggar woman—old, idiotic, blind, dying in want and misery nearly seventy years afterwards. What a spectacle of the revenge of history upon those who set themselves against the cause of Christ! It is still too true that they who fall on the stone cut out for the corner shall be broken, but they upon whom it shall fall shall be ground to powder.

INDIAN HONESTY. (473)

Rom. 2: 14, 15.

Says a man who has had some twenty years of experience in trading with Canadian Indians: "In all my woods life I have never known but one Indian liar." A cache, or provision station, is left unattended with perfect safety, for on the entirety of its stock may depend the life of many a man.

He who leaves provisions must find them on his return, for he may reach them starving, and the length of his out journey may depend on his certainty of relief at this point on his in journey. So men passing touch not this hoard, for some day they may be in the same case, and a precedent is a bad thing.

"One comes unexpectedly upon a whole bunch of snowshoes dangling beneath the fans of a spruce; or a tangle of steel traps thrust into the crevice of a tree root, or a supply of pork and flour swathed like an Egyptian mummy lying in state on a high bier. These things we have passed by reverently as symbols of a people's trust in its kind.

"The same sort of honesty holds in regard to smaller things. I have never hesitated to leave in my camp firearms, fishing rods, utensils valuable from a woods point of view, even

a watch or money. Not only have I never lost anything in that manner, but once an Indian lad followed me some miles after the morning's start to restore to me half a dozen trout flies I had accidentally left behind."

It seems to be an open question still whether civilization improves some people. They seem to absorb more of its vices than of its virtues. After 2,000 years of Christianity in the world, we might still send a good many white people to the ant to learn wisdom and to the Indian to learn honesty.—W. J. Squires.

CHARACTER. (474)

A writer tells of going with a party into a coal mine. "On one side of the gang-way grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there, where the coal dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner took a handful of coal black dust and threw it upon the plant but none adhered. The visitors repeated the experiment, but the coal dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the folds of the white plant to which the finest speck could not adhere.

Living there, amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain its snowy whiteness.

PARDON TOO LATE. (475)

Neh. 9: 17; Psa. 86: 5.

The governor of one of our great states sat in his office, considering the case of a long term prisoner, who had petitioned for pardon. At last he decided to grant the petition and called his stenographer to write the pardon. Just five minutes before the governor reached his decision, the petitioner died, and was beyond the reach of pardon.

Though the prisoner had met all the conditions, the governor reached his decision too late, and the petitioner died in prison. Not so the great Judge of all the earth. There are no delays in God's acts of pardon, when once the simple conditions of repentance and faith have been met by the prisoner in the bondage of sin.—P. A. Smith.

THE UNFINISHED CORNICE. (476)

Heb. 11: 14-16.

People who pass the Rothschild mansion in the fashionable quarter of London often notice that the end of one of the cornices is unfinished. One asks, why? The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth. The incomplete cornice upon the mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets, bent on amassing worldly wealth, or going along with the maddening crowd in the paths of folly: "This is not Lord Rothschild's home; he is travelling to eternity!" We too should remember that we are travellers. Dean Stanley left as an inscription to be placed on his tomb these words: "The inn of a traveller on his way to Jerusalem!"

DOUBLE-MINDEDNESS. (477)

1 Cor. 15: 58; Matt. 10: 22.

The character indicated by double-mindedness is inconstant, irresolute, unstable, wavering, hesitating, alternating, oscillating, or shifting. No settled principles or convictions predominate. Passion rather than reason holds sway. The double-minded, like the waves of the sea, is at the mercy of the strongest wind that blows. He can win no prizes of earth, much less of heaven. . . . James the First, of England, was James the Sixth, of Scotland. He was a waverer and was conscious of his defect. Having heard of a preacher who was singularly happy in his choice of texts, he appointed him to preach in his own presence, that he might put him to the test. With the utmost gravity the preacher gave out his text in the following words, James the First and Sixth in the latter part of the verse, "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." "He is at me already," said the king. Let us learn well the lesson that God cannot deposit his most choice and valuable gifts in the unsteady hands of doubtful petitioners. Transient emotions are not religion. Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, was out one day looking at the enemies of his country. That night he lodged in a barn. When he awoke in the morning he saw a spider climbing up a rafter in the roof. Twelve times it fell to the floor, but succeeded the thirteenth time. Bruce had just lost several battles, but learning from the spider a lesson in perseverance, he fought again and won.

Our Master has promised great blessings and final victory to those who resolutely and determinedly persevere.

"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."—Rev. R. A. McKinley, D. D., Ph. D.

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From a Sermon on

"GOD'S TESTING."

2 Chron. 32: 31.

By ADAM REOCH, New York.

WHICH? (478)

John 3: 16.

In a time of famine in Germany a certain family was reduced to the last extremity of want. A neighboring baron had long desired to adopt one of the children. The father and mother concluded that there was no other method of keeping the wolf from the door. At night, when the children were asleep in their beds, they climbed the stairs to determine which one should be given up. They looked into the face of their eldest; a noble boy smiling in his sleep and seeing visions and dreaming dreams of the coming days; they could not give him up. Then they turned to the fair-haired lad with his mother's eyes, merry and mischievous, the life of the household; they could not give him. Then to the bed where their crippled girl was sleeping, the marks of pain wrinkling her little face; they could not give her. And then to the cradle where the baby was, the last born, the dimpled cheek that had rested on its mother's breast; they could not give the baby. So, looking into each other's face across the crib, they softly said, "Let us rather die together." O, blessed mother love and father love! But God for our sake gave his only Son. This is the supreme and conclusive revelation of his love. This is the mystery of the Heart of God.

THE USE OF GRACE TESTED. (479)

In Paris the people are thrilled with a new sensation. A bicyclist makes a flying leap on his wheel over a space of twenty-five feet. Mounting the wheel at the top of an incline he descends with lightning speed, and by force of momentum safely crosses the space left in his track. The track is high in the air, and to fail even a little of the necessary momentum, through failure to oil the wheels, or because of a strong wind, would mean death. He has gathered so much momentum that the space is safely crossed.

Thus are we all tested in the matter of our use of grace. The Christian should constantly gather momentum so that when the test may come, sanctified habits of trust and obedience may carry him safely over.

UNEXPECTED TEMPTATION. (480)

God tests us when we are least conscious of it. Last week the D. L. & W. R. R. instituted a test of its engineers and conductors. A delegation of railroad officials went to various stations and set the danger signals for passing trains. Sometimes the signal was right until the engine passed it, when it was changed to test the conductor; and vice versa. As a result, many engineers and conductors were caught napping. The virtue of the test lay in the fact that there was no intimation of its coming. When God wants to test us, as he will if we are worth anything, he will not send anyone to notify us. Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

FAITH TESTED. (481)

God tests our faith by asking us to attempt the impossible. Sir Walter Scott in one of his novels tells of an attack made upon a castle by a handful of soldiers to rescue a prisoner. It was a daring, almost hopeless attempt. But in the thick of the fight a mysterious knight appeared whose strength and courage won the day. Faith and love were tested but won by the help of the champion. Christ said, "Give ye them to eat." The test of faith lay in the seeming impossibility. The triumph of faith lay in counting upon the power of Christ. Though invisible at the beginning of our contest, counting upon his aid, Christ will manifest himself by the results, and victory will be ours.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Selected by E. S. LEWIS.

BRIGHTEN UP. (482)

2 Cor. 6:10; Phil. 4: 4.

A widow went to a photographer's for her picture. She sat before the camera wearing the same stern look that made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer said, suddenly, "Just brighten the eyes a little."

She tried, but the dull, heavy look still lingered.

"See here," the woman retorted sharply, "if you think that an old lady that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told, you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't! It is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer.

Something in his manner inspired faith and she tried again, with better success.

"That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger!" exclaimed the artist.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away. When she reached her little cottage she looked long in the glass and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture."

When the picture came it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then in a firm, clear voice, "If I could do it once I can do it again."

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, "Brighten up, Catherine," and the old light flashed up once more.

"Look a little pleasanter" she commenced, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come to her.

"Why, Mrs. A., you are getting younger! How did you manage it?"

"It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant."—Missionary Review.

A LONESOME BOY. (483)

1 John 4: 7.

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left hand neighbor, she leaned over and said, "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

"My boy?" said the woman in gray; "he isn't mine!"

The boy was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity of his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, "Are you going up-town alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be home today, because it looks as if it was going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman said, "You are a very little boy to be knocked about in this way."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost; but I get lonesome sometimes on the long trip, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR EASTER SERMONS.

MAKING LIFE WIDER. (484)

John 14: 19.

Easter has changed the graveyard into the "cemetery"—a sleeping place—and made it the most beautiful place on earth. The victory of death is brief. Christ lay but thirty-six hours in the tomb. Turn the funeral dirge into an Easter anthem. "Because I live ye shall live also."

The practical lesson of Easter is a new life, "that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again." Angels rolled the stone away from his tomb, but he commands us: "Take ye away the stone" that hinders the rising of our brothers out of the death of sin into the new life of joy and peace in him. The stone of our selfishness may stand between Christ and souls. Michaelangelo wrote on the work of one of his pupils, "Amplius" —wider. So the resurrection widens the scope of human effort to include every righteous reform.

THE JOY OF THE LORD. (485)

Rev. 5: 9.

Governor Grey and Bishop Selwyn were out together on a walking expedition, and it was Easter Sunday.

"Christ has risen!" Selwyn reverently welcomed the day, and his companion rejoined, "He has risen indeed!"

They were communing in that spirit when a bundle of letters were brought into the tent. One to Selwyn bore the news of the death of Siapo, a Loyalty Islander, who had become a Christian under his teaching, and who was being educated with other natives at his seminary in Auckland.

The bishop, overcome with grief, burst into tears; then he broke some moments of silence with the words: "Why, you have not shed a single tear!"

"No," said the governor. "I have been so wrapped in thought that I could not weep. I have been thinking of the prophecy that men of every race were to be assembled in the kingdom of heaven. I have tried to imagine the wonder and joy prevailing there at the coming of Siapo, the first Christian of his race. He would be glad evidence that another people of the world had been added to the teaching of Christ."

"Yes, yes," said Selwyn, drying his tears. "that is the true idea to entertain, and I shall not weep any more."

A MINE FULL OF POPPIES. (486)

Psa. 89: 15; Rev. 21: 23.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a curious illustration in the silver mines of Laurium. The mines were abandoned more than two thousand years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the "slag" from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could be easily rendered available by modern appliances. Accordingly it was removed to the furnace, and when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine had

become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, says Popular Science News, belonged to the same age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old were those poppy seeds, yet when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

JESUS THE SAME. (487)

Heb. 13: 8.

One of the sweetest Easter thoughts is that Jesus Christ, notwithstanding his resurrection in celestial power, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." In the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," his past associate speaks doubtfully of his future conduct, reminding his companion that "'tis the bright day brings forth the adder." Man in prosperity is not always what he was in lowly estate. But the disciples who companied with the Saviour loved to say that after his resurrection "he showed *himself*." A world of comfort in a word! He who came to reveal the Father under the changed condition showed the same loving, gentle, compassionate regard for his disciples.—The Interior.

"BEHOLD THE PLACE WHERE THEY LAID HIM." (488)

Matt. 28: 6.

Many millions during the Christian centuries have taken these words as if they were a command to themselves, and, pressing up the steeps of the Judean hills, have come to gaze upon the sepulchre in which they fondly believed the Lord had been laid. Round this spot gathered those stormy sentiments which issued in the tremendous blunder of the Crusades. Today, from all parts of the Greek and Roman world, multitudes flock to worship at this shrine, cast themselves down upon the marble slabs and kiss the cold stones that cover now the spot where, they are told, the body of the Lord was laid. One could but wish again for the presence of that "young man" in a white robe, to say to them, "He is risen; he is not here."—Rev. Wm. Ewing.

UNFORGOTTEN LIVES. (489)

1 Cor. 11: 1.

In the rocks we find abundant fossils, remnants of ancient years. Yet, as we popularly understand the word, they are not such. The wood has not been turned to stone; the fish, the leaf, the flower, the tree, have, bit by bit, decayed; their gases and fluids have gone into the surrounding earth; but, meanwhile the surrounding clays have, bit by bit, stowed their atoms into the vacant places and, to be sure, the insect, flower, stick, fish, shell, have mostly gone, but their exact form is there still, atom for atom, a beautiful stone, and, possibly a gem. Happy for us if there be some beauty and worth in us which, after we are long, long departed, and our name forgotten, shall last through the years and shall leave a recognizable and blessed impression on the earth.

THE LAWS OF NATURE. (490)

2 Pet. 3: 18.

If there be a law of nature which is universal it is surely gravitation. Stones never rise into the air unless a force superior to gravitation lifts them; and if thrown into the air by force, they alight again as soon as the force is spent which threw them. But look at the trees, how they persist, in spite of the law of gravitation, in lifting themselves out of the earth, holding themselves perpendicularly, and throwing out branches skyward, in great freedom! To the stones who do not know the secret, it is a perfect miracle that the trees lift themselves toward heaven, and make such a flourish of their liberty. Bury a pebble, and it will obey the law of gravitation for ever. Bury an acorn and it will obey a higher law; and that law is in itself.

REUNION. (491)

John 14: 2, 3.

Most of us know what the rapture of an earthly reunion means; but such a welcome will pale into insignificance before the heavenly embrace. After the famous battle of Five Forks, General George E. Pickett, of Gettysburg fame, was reported to have been killed. Day after day his wife sat with her baby in her arms in the silence of despair. But one day there rode up the lane of the Virginia home a familiar figure. He cried to his horse "Whoa, Lucy! Whoa!" With that the mother, with a wild cry of joy, arose and said, "George! George! Is that you?" "I do not know how to describe it," wrote Mrs. Pickett, "the peace, the bliss of that moment! It was too deep, and too sacred to be translated into words." And so, when in the heavenly reunion, you shall greet your dear ones, the sacredness of that moment will be too deep and holy to be translated into words.

WHAT DYING IS. (492)

Phil. 1: 21; 2 Cor. 5: 1.

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to meet and mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: "There, she's gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in the mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me, and not in her. And just at that moment, when some one at my side says, "There, she's gone!" there are other eyes that are watching for her coming and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "There she comes!" And that is—dying.

DEATH NOT FEARED. (493)

1 Cor. 15: 26; 1 Cor. 15: 54, 55.

Lord Salisbury never recovered from the loss he suffered by the death of his wife.

Like most Englishmen, he is reticent about the feelings of his heart. He makes no parade of emotion. But once, at a church meeting at Hatfield, held to pay honor to a local philanthropist who had died, he spoke of the sorrow which had come into his own life.

"When a man has done his work, and those whom he loves pass one by one behind the veil," said he, "there is nothing better for him than to die as our friend has died, full of years and leaving behind him a memory fragrant with good deeds. He should be able to say in the words of an obscure but beautiful modern poet:

'When my last hour grows dark for me
I shall not fear
Death's dreaded face to see,
Death's voice to hear.

'I shall not fear the night
When day is done;
My life was loyal to the light
And served the sun.'"

LIFE BEYOND. (494)

1 Thes. 4: 13; John 11: 11.

"Will you make The Outlook tell me how to think of her now?" No! I cannot do that; I can only tell you how I think of the dead. I think that there are no dead; I think that there is no death; I think that there is no long and dreary sleep, no waiting for a future resurrection of a body which has served its purpose and has no future purpose which it can serve; that life goes on unbroken by what we call death; that the resurrection of Jesus Christ was not an extraordinary event, but only an extraordinary evidence of an ordinary event; that he was the firstfruits of them that sleep; that all rise from the dead as he rose from the dead and live as he lives; that to die is "to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better;" that every death is a resurrection, and that to every spirit God giveth a body as it pleaseth him. I think of death as a glad awakening from this troubled sleep which we call life; as an emancipation from a world which, beautiful though it be, is still a land of captivity; as a graduation from this primary department into some higher rank in the hierarchy of the learning. I think of the dead as possessing a more splendid equipment for a larger life of diviner service than was possible to them on earth—a life in which I shall in due time join them if I am counted worthy of their fellowship in the life eternal.—L. A.

GOOD FRIDAY AT THE CITY TEMPLE. (495)

John 12: 3.

Dr. Parker took for his text John 19: 38, "He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus." "I do not blame him," said the preacher. "It was a most tender office." But the sermon contained a solemn warning to those who care more for the body of Jesus than for his Spirit; to those who are more careful of the grave than they were of the living. In a touching passage Dr. Parker said: "Care for your living child, your living wife. Be tender to your living though faulty friend. You cannot make up for yesterday's cruelty. 'Oh, she shall have flowers every month according to the season.' No, if she had no flowers in her lifetime do not mock her in her death. She would have valued a handful of daisies when she was living, though she cares nothing if you inter her amid all the fragrant glories of Chatsworth."

"LAUNCHED, BUT WHITHER BOUND?" (496)

Job 14: 10.

A peculiar incident occurred at West Farmington, Ohio, recently. The commencement exercises of the high school and a funeral were held in the church the same afternoon, the funeral at 1 o'clock and the graduating excersises at 2:30. The class had decorated the church for the event previous to the arrival of the funeral party, so the exercises could commence immediately after the services. The class motto was not covered up. Upon the arrival of the casket it was placed directly under the motto: "Launched, But Whither Bound?" The effect was startling.

LIFE A REHEARSAL FOR HEAVEN. (497)

Rom. 14: 7.

This morning a friend was telling me of an incident in her life as a musician. Her husband had arranged a musical entertainment for the benefit of some charity, and my friend was playing the organ and leading the band of music as well as the choir boys, but in the midst of it all she became so fascinated with the execution of the band and so delighted with the singing of the choir boys, that she ceased playing and listened. All at once her husband rushed up to her, exclaiming: "Don't you know that you are leading? They are waiting for you!" In an instant her hands were on the organ and she resumed the leadership. How quickly I saw how careful we must be. Others are following us and we must not stop. When Christ said to Peter: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not," he had his mind on others. My friend said afterward, when she realized what she had done, she was almost overcome at thinking how serious a matter it might have been. I am sure we do not know what our keeping the music of faith and hope and love going is doing for others: "No man liveth unto himself." I suppose all life is only a rehearsal for the perfect concert of heaven, but we have our part to play, and others are following us, whether we know it or not.—Margaret Bottome.

(498)

CUT GEMS FOR EASTER SERMONS.

If a man die shall he live again? All ages of mankind, all grades of intelligence throughout the history of the world have believed in a future life, and that is proof to the thoughtful mind that there is such a life; for God who made fins for the fish, and wings for the birds, also made water for the fish to swim in, and air for the birds to fly in. The same God who put in them the instinct to fly and to swim, put in us the instinct of eternal life.—Russell H. Conwell.

Near the close of the life of Increase Mather, a friend sent to inquire if he were still in the land of the living. "Tell him," said the aged divine, "that I am now in the land of the dying, but that I am soon going to the land of the living."

Mr. Moody was once asked his conception of our employment in heaven.

His reply was: "Activity, with perfect satisfaction."

W. D. Howells tells us that he met Bayard Taylor at Cambridge with a book in his hand. "It was a Greek author, and he said he was just beginnig to read the language at fifty—a patriarchal age to me of the early thirties! I suppose I intimated the surprise I felt at his taking it up so late in the day, for he said, with charming seriousness: 'Oh, but you know, I expect to use it in the other world.' Yes, that made it worth while, I consented, but was he sure of the other world? 'As sure as I am of this,' he said; and I have always kept the impression of the young faith which spoke in his voice and was more than his words."

We wish for immortality. The thought of annihilation is horrible; even to conceive it is almost impossible. The wish is a kind of argument; it is not likely that God would have given all men such a feeling, if he had not meant to gratify it.—F. W. Robertson.

I feel my immortality. I look through the grave into heaven. I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am conscious of eternal life.—Theodore Parker.

Man only, of all earthly creatures, asks: "Can the dead live forever?" And the instinct that urges the question, is God's answer to man, for no instinct is given in vain. —Bulwer.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live forever? Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all? This is a miracle, and that no more.—Young.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—Jas. Martineau.

Henry VanDyke says: "Is not the best of all our hopes—the hope of immortality—always before us? How can we be dull or heavy while we have that new experience to look forward to? It will be the most joyful of all our travels and adventures. It will bring us our best acquaintances and friendships. But there is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can."

The old, old fashion—death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet—of immortality!—Chas. Dickens.

When very old, Victor Hugo wrote: "I feel in myself the future life. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley. It is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

LITTLE CLASSICS.

What one must believe if he does not believe in the Resurrection of Christ.

TOO CREDULOUS. (499)

1. That Jesus lies buried in a sepulcher in Judea.

2. That eleven men were deceived as to the identity of one with whom they had been in daily intercourse for more than two years.

3. That Peter, who trembled at the careless question of a girl, faced the Sanhedrin and prison with boldness a few days later, with no cause for the transformation.

4. That a conscious impostor uttered the most noble and lofty ethical teaching the world has ever known.

5. That the cross, the emblem of ignominy, like the gallows today, became an ornament and an object of adoration, without any adequate reason for the change.

6. That an organization beginning with twelve men without wealth, or political or military power, in less than 300 years conquered the Roman empire without aid.

7. That hundreds of strong men and delicate women went calmly to a painful death for a belief in a crucified malefactor.

8. In a word, he must account for that marvel of history, the growth of the Christian church, and for eighteen Christian centuries. —S. A. Wilson.

THE LOST WORD. (500)

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

It was the early dawn of Christmas morn in Antioch. A group of young Christians were going to hear John of Antioch, known to us as Chrysostom, preach in the Basilica of Constantine. One of them, Hermas, who had left the house of his father, the rich pagan, Demetrius, two years before to join the Christians, found himself strangely out of sympathy with his surroundings, and dissatisfied with his choice. As he departs from the church he leaves his companions and turns toward the grove of Daphne. As he passed his father's mansion he felt that he had sold his birthright for a dream.

In the grove of Daphne, Hermas encountered Marcion, an old priest of Apollo. He told him of his life; of his gay and careless boyhood; of the spell of John's preaching which drew him to the Christians; of the growing distaste for the strict life of poverty, and the increasing longing for luxury. "And now," he ended, "my life is hard and bare. There is nothing in it but an unsatisfying dream. I want to think no more about it all, but to enjoy myself."

The priest promised pleasure and wealth, success and fame in return for the memory of a single word, the name of him whom Hermas had worshipped for two years. Hermas fell asleep under the laurels and awoke at sunset, strangely buoyant and free from care. Returning to his father's house he was met by a servant saying that the master is dying and has been calling for his son.

The dying man welcomed his son and heir, then said that it was dark before him and asked for the secret of the faith for which Hermas once gave up everything. "Oh, yes," said Hermas, "believe with all your heart in ———"

While he hesitated, groping for the name which he had uttered night and morning, the old man's head fell back and Hermas was standing by the dead, and he was the master of the house of the Golden Pillars.

Time passed. Hermas married Athenais, whom he loved dearly. A beautiful boy came to be his heir. He had everything, wealth, honor, love. But he felt restless; still his life was incomplete. Athenais said that this unsatisfied longing was the need of the expression of gratitude. Before an ancient shrine in his garden Hermas stood with his wife and child, and poured forth his gratitude for the blessings of life. "For all the good gifts of life we praise, we thank ——" Whom should he thank. From whom had his happiness come?

"Let us go in," said he sadly. "The air grows chilly. There is no one to thank." And in the garden it was night.

A vague discontent deepened in the heart of Hermas. He plunged into pleasure and into speculation, and luxury and riches increased about him.

One day an accident befell the child, and he was brought home on a litter at the verge of death. At last Athenais said: "Is there no power that can save him? Let us pray for his life."

Hermas sank on his knees: "Spare the child's life, thou merciful ———." Hermas rose.

"Long ago I knew somthing that might have helped us, but it is gone."

Just then Marcion, the priest of Apollo, and John of Antioch entered the hall.

"We are in trouble," said Hermas. "I knew something once, a name, in which we might have found hope, but I gave it to this man," pointing to Marcion. The old man's lips curled. "I promised him wealth, pleasure and fame, in return for an empty name."

"Servant of demons, be still," cried John. "There is a name none dare take in vain. There is a name at which devils tremble. Depart quickly." Marcion shrank away.

John turned to Hermas: "My son, the word with which you parted so lightly is the key-word of all life and joy and peace. Listen to the blessed name of God our Father." A new light came into the face of Hermas as he cried to God to spare the life of his child. And then they heard the voice of the boy, waking from sleep and calling to his father.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS: AN INTELLECTUAL NECESSITY. (501)

About the year 1845 LeVerrier, a French astronomer, calculated that if another planet could be found moving in a certain orbit, it would account for the disturbances of the planet Uranus. He sent the results of his investigations to an observatory in the city of Berlin, requesting that search be made on a fixed date at a certain spot in the heavens. There and then the planet Neptune was discovered, not fifty minutes from its estimated location by the astronomer LeVerrier. To the careful student of the planets, observing the disturbances of Uranus in his orbit, Neptune was an intellectual necessity. According to all known causes Uranus was going wrong. There must be other causes yet unknown to account for the peculiarities of this planet. Another planet of such and such and such dimensions, moving in such and such an orbit, would account for these peculiarities. Therefore there must be such a planet. Something like this was the reasoning of the man of science. Before the telescope had revealed it, mathematics had demanded this mighty planet. One may boldly say that what the mathematical mind of the astronomer called for, the creative mind of God had wrought, and that before reason had asked God had answered. Similarly, from a historical view-point, the resurrection of Jesus is an intellectual necessity. There have been such historical disturbances that short of such a fact there is no accounting for them.—Christian Standard.

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QUOTABLE POETRY.

"The gates of life swing either way
On noiseless hinges, night and day,
One enters through the open door,
One leaves us to return no more;
And which is happier, which more blest?
God knowest best."

Why should memory veil'd with gloom,
And like a sorrowing craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captives have escaped!

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are;
While memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to him!)—

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the past,
But, lo! 'tis all before!

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

Song of Solomon 2:17.

A human soul went forth into the night,
Shutting behind it death's mysterious door,
And shaking off with strange, resistless might
The dust that once it wore.
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
As when by skillful hand a bow is bent
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes
Saw but the shadowy fall, and knew not when,
Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise,
It left the world of men.
It broke from sickness, that with iron bands
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day;
And love itself with its restraining hands
Might not its course delay.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark,
Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
The soul went home to God.
"Alas!" they cried, "he never saw the morn,
But fell asleep outwearied with the strife"—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the dawn
Of everlasting life.

—Christian Burke, in Pall Mall Magazine.

THE BUTTERFLY.

I hold you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air;
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to this linden-tree
To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God, give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis too!

—By Alice Freeman Palmer.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding—not explaining;
We ask, and thou art silent—yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining!
No crushing fate—no stony destiny?
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee! —Harriet Beecher Stowe.

SOMEBODY'S BABY.

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Somebody's baby is borne away
By angel hands to the upper day.
Somebody's baby—I know not whose,
Somebody's pet—so hard to lose.
Somebody's life is dimmed by blight,
Somebody's heart is aching to-night,
Somebody's arms are empty now.
Somebody's baby—Oh, why should it be
God in his tenderness passed by me?
In his infinite love and care I will rest,
And more closely clasp my babe to my breast. —Ex.

The Rev. Dr. John H. Elliott, pastor of the Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church for the past five years, resigned recently to re-enter evangelistic work. He will preach his last sermons at his present charge to-morrow. Dr. Elliott has always been remarkably successful as an evangelist, and had he chosen might have filled his entire time since coming to New York in engagements of this kind. He has spent his vacations for several summers in tent work, having conducted an exceedingly successful series of meetings in London two summers ago and spending a long period in open air services in Philadelphia.

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT.

GIST OF RECENT SERMONS BY GREAT PREACHERS.

Prepared by G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D., Author of "The Homiletic Year."

PHILIP AND NATHANAEL.

Text: "Philip findeth Nathanael," etc.—John 1:45, 46.

In these two men we have completed one-half of the apostolic college. Six of the twelve apostles are found coming to Jesus in the first chapter of John. Jesus, it is said, found Philip (v. 43) and Philip found Nathanael (v. 54). The words of verse 45 suggest enthusiasm on the part of Philip in announcing to Nathanael the Messiah. Think of him as seeing Nathanael at a distance, perhaps on the other side of the wide street, or on the opposite of a field, and running towards him crying, "O Nathanael, we have found him of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." I think Philip and Nathanael had been talking over matters relating to the coming of the Messiah and were looking for him. People who are looking are those who usually find. The answer of Nathanael, put in the form of a question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" did not dampen the ardor of Philip. He was unable to answer the objection which Nathanael raised, but he was sure that in spite of the objection he had found the Messiah. He did the wise thing. He did not argue, but said, "Come and see for yourself." Nathanael's response to this invitation of Philip is a revelation of his true character. He was an honest, earnest inquirer. He was one who was not to be turned aside from investigation by even a serious objection. He would give more weight to the testimony of his friend than to a theoretic difficulty. Would that there were more of the spirit of Nathanael in our day!

There are three things which I wish to say about these words, "Come and see."

I. The first is that Christianity invites investigation. Not only is it willing to have the most thorough examination of its claims made, but it greatly desires just this one thing. Its policy is not to ignore or dodge any difficulty. On its forefront are written the words, "Come and see."

II. A second fact about Christianity is that it stimulates investigation. It presents claims which make us think. We should never forget that the modern university with all that it involves is the daughter of Christianity. May the daughter never deny her mother! The Bible is acknowledged by the most eminent thinkers to be the greatest stimulus to human thought. No book in all the world's history has done for the human intellect in the way of stimulus what the Bible has done. The paradoxes which are presented in the Bible are calculated to stimulate thought. The superficial thinker rejects the Bible as untrue because it has what he calls so many contradictions. These are only apparent and dissolve on closer investigation. An illustration of this we find in this question of Nathanael to Philip, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The prophets, as Nathanael and Philip knew, had declared that the Messiah should come from Bethlehem of Judea. It seemed impossible to believe that what Philip said was true, and yet a wider synthesis of facts was all that was needed in order to make it manifest that both were true. By the mere claim which Philip made, Nathanael was stimulated to investigate.

III. This leads us to the third and last remark, that Christianity stands the test of investigation. When Nathanael went to see he found things as Philip had represented them. Every one who has since gone to see, in the same earnest manner, has had the same experience. Is it not a remarkable fact that no one who has thoroughly investigated Christianity and acted upon the command of our Lord, "Follow me," has returned to tell the world that there is nothing in his claims? Is there one here who does not know that Christ is the Son of God? My word to such an one is "Come and see." You are challenged to do so by the very claims which are made by those about you whom you ought to trust. Philip had never deceived Nathanael. There are friends of yours who have always told you the truth. Not a single time have they led you astray. They, with all the enthusiasm possessed by Philip on this memorable day when he called to Nathanael, declare that they have found the Messiah. Will you not prove yourself to be equally earnest and honest with Nathanael and come and see, even though great difficulties present themselves to you? If you will do so, you will know that he is what he claims to be. He will give you evidence, as he gave Nathanael, that he knows you through and through. Will you please notice that this was what convinced Nathanael. When Jesus saw him coming he said to him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" And when Nathanael asked him, "How did you come to know me?" he said, "I saw thee under the fig tree before Philip called thee." He was doubtless in meditation and prayer. Probably he was asking God to indicate to him the Messiah about whom John had been preaching, and to give him indisputable evidence when he should see him. This prayer was answered in an unexpected way. At once he confessed, "Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." From that day forth Nathanael followed Jesus and the words of our Lord to him proved true, "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

Every day comes to the true Christian new evidence that Jesus is what he claims to be. He goes on a way of ever increasing wonder. Will not every hearer accept the statement at the beginning of this book, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and act upon it? By this means, great doubter though you may be, you will inevitably come to the place, as Thomas did, where, in the presence of indisputable evidence, you will throw up your hands and cry, "My Lord, and my God."—Rev. Wilbert W. White, Ph.D.

WHAT JESUS SAW FROM THE CROSS.

Text: "Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."—John 19: 18.

Tissot has a picture in his collection of a realistic but somewhat mysterious sort. The figures standing in strange relief; here prostrate women; there jeering Jews; at the side hard-visaged soldiers; in the distance a wandering, terrified multitude; standing out in the foreground the erstwhile stolid, but now awakened, centurion. The artist calls it "What Jesus Saw From the Cross," yet there is no cross to be seen, and properly, for it is what was seen from the cross. Ah, that was a vantage point for viewing the world! Lifted up there, Jesus could see what men or angels had never seen before. Let us study the scene.

All the world, aye, the universe, were gathered together, and circled about the cross. Men were there, women were there, Jews were there, Gentiles were there, disciples were there, despisers and haters of religion were there, angels were there, devils were there—God himself! O, what a scene; what a focal point in all times, and eternity too!

So far as we may, and not rush in where angels fear to tread, let us look to see what those eyes of love saw from the cross.

I. A callous world. The hard-browed Roman with his spear, the trafficking, careless multitude, pausing a moment to see a culprit die. The soldiers cast dice at the foot of his cross. O, what a spectacle this world presents to heaven's eyes today! For the cross is still conspicuous—it will be till the King's crown comes—and yet about the foot of the cross and around the little church below, a great mass of men and women, nations and communities, utterly careless and heedless of the suffering of Jesus, wondering at it or ridiculing it, laughing, gambling, making merry; and all the time the storm clouds are gathering.

II. An unbelieving church. His own people, the Jews, rejecting him and jeering at him. His disciples even, all save John, departing from him. Judas betraying him. Peter following afar off. "Father, forgive," he says.

III. But also from among the careless, callous world, some that are smitten with fear and conviction, and one that looks up and smites his breast and says, "Surely this was the Son of God."

IV. And nearest of all to the cross, John and the women. His little band of truest friends, coveting even the fellowship of his sufferings, and the conformity to his death, that they may be with him whom they love and who loves them.

All this is the near view from the cross. From the cross you may see afar.

V. The backward look from the cross. He saw the vast creation, the forming of man, the beauties of Eden, the dreadful fall, the expulsion, and that time in eternity, we cannot trace it back, when he cried, for fallen man's sake, "Here am I, send me!" He sees through the centuries the procession of prophets, priests and kings, and in the midst the slain lamb, prefiguring himself.

VI. The forward look. He saw the things that were to be, the death, the burial, the resurrection, the ascension, the descent of the Spirit; the formation of his church, its wars with the beast; the usurpation of the world; the little faithful band in the wilderness; the onward progress of the cross in spite of all, the carrying of the Gospel finally to the remotest borders of the earth, when shall come the final consummation of things—not far distant now.

VII. The downward look. He saw the writhing of the serpent of sin, just now lifting its head a little more loftily from the earth, but presently to be smitten to the death; the imps of the pit rising to taunt and cry and fling their arrows at his defenceless breast, but presently to hear a voice echoing through all the corridors of Hades, "It is finished!" He sees the seethings of sin and the diabolical efforts of the evil one to overthrow the redemptive purposes of God, yet striving in vain, for he has seen Satan fall like lightning from heaven, never to return.

VIII. The upward look. He sees heaven opened, along with the rending of the veil. He sees the angels waiting for the dreadful passion to close; the Father waiting to cancel the bond of man's indebtedness; the waiting throne, the crown, the palms, the vast multitude, ten thousand times ten thousand, the eternity of bliss and glory with his own, and crushed beneath the burdens, both of earth's grief and heaven's glory, he bows his head and says, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Gather close, friends. He saw you and me from that cross. Our text says there were three crosses, one on each side and his in the midst. It is so still. As Jesus looked from that middle cross upon this poor, suffering world, he saw you and me on the one side or on the other. Shall it be the right hand or the left? Which?

IX. On the left hand. A tortured soul, yet speaking cruel taunt, bearing the inevitable burden of this world's woe, yet repenting not of sin. Growing more and more hardened under sin's certain punishment, making no appeal for mercy. O beware, sinners, how you trifle with the suffering Son of Man; how you taunt his cross and mock at his love, trampling, as it were, his precious blood beneath your feet.

X. On the right hand. A burdened soul, making meek appeal for mercy, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Hear the answer: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." O that some soul, burdened with sin, facing death and the judgment, may make penitent resort just now and feel today the witness of adoption through the blood, and know, even ere death shall come, the sweet assurance of mansions in the skies!—Rev. J. W. Weddell, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE PRINCIPLE OF PROPORTION.

Text: "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."—Matthew 23: 23.

The religious people of Christ's time had laid undue emphasis and paid undue attention to one side of duty and neglected others equally important.

I. There is a tendency in every man to become unbalanced, lopsided, in his ideas and energies. There is a tendency in every large body of men to surge off in a one-sided direction. Politicians know and dread this tendency, every man catering to the public taste knows this tendency, what every body wanted last spring no one may want this year. There are fashions in politics, in business, in society, and there are fashions in religion, that come and go with the passing season. Our text gives us the principle that corrects this tendency, "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." That is the principle of balance of energy, of proportion. Proportion is the principle that holds the balance between true progress and panic; between steadfast fidelity and mere fanaticism.

II. I want to apply this principle to our religious life. There is no subject on which the prejudice and passion of the human heart are more susceptible than on religion. There is no subject on which it is more difficult to keep a just balance and proportion. It appeared to some people that the church was not making enough of the human nature of Christ, and they swerved off, laying the principal emphasis on that one point. It appeared to others that the church was not doing full justice to the wideness of God's love, and they swerved off, and laid universal emphasis on that one point. Some people seeing that the action of the mind may affect some nervous diseases of the body, emphasized that simple and old fact of medical science into a whole religion, and away they went, stampeded. Christian women, perceiving the unique power of prayer, cloister themselves as nuns and lay the whole emphasis of life on that one thing. Others perceiving the value of merciful deeds, put the emphasis of their life on charity. Thus there is constant danger of the individual and of the church becoming unbalanced in its aims, disproportionate in its activities, so doing one thing as to leave others equally important undone.

III. Let us apply the principle now to one specific part in our Christian life. The chief purpose of the church in this world is to save. Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners, even the chief, and his church was ordained, organized and ordered on the march to save sinners, the fallen, the lost.

According to the Scripture all men are fallen and sinners, every soul of man needs to be saved, the man in the slums and the man on the heights, the child born behind the saloon and the child born in the lap of a moral home. But it has come to pass that the words, sinner, fallen, lost, are practically reserved for those who have been born at, or have fallen to, the bottom of the moral scale, for those who have reached the slums of a great city, for those haggard individuals who have thrown aside all moral restraints and proprieties, whose bloated faces dim the sunshine on the water front. This you very well know is the latest sociological fashion in religious activity, and the church is urged to turn from all other lines and give itself, en masse, to the slums. For if the church is in the world to save, and to save sinners, it should go where sinners are, and sinners, in the opinion of this lop-sided Pharisee, are found principally in the slums, the tenements, in the red-lamped streets of the city.

IV. Many are misled by this specious plea to a pitiful one-sidedness of religious activity. You can get people to go down to the settlements, to work among the tenements, and there to do real Christ-like work, who would laugh at you if you asked them to take a class in an uptown Sunday school, because they wish to go where they are needed; they are needed below that dead-line, but, they perceive no need of self-denying Christian work in a class of well-dressed boys and girls in the up-town school. You can get people to give and give largely for this work at the bottom of the slide who decline to do much or anything for up-town work. These things they do and leave the other undone. Now certainly, the vision of the multitude thus at the bottom of the moral scale is sufficiently impressive to arouse the sympathy and saving passion of every Christian heart. It is a sight that moved the Saviour to tears and to miracles of saving. It is a sight that always moved the church to pity and to activity, it is a sphere which the church never has and never will neglect.

V. At the same time, there is that which we ought not to leave undone. On this side of that dead-line there are many souls. The majority were born, and are living today, on the upper side of it. For every child born in the slums there are a score born in self-respecting homes; little ones who have not yet begun the steep descent. For every young man down there eating husks with the swine, there are a score of self-respecting young men who are yet far from that low level. Going down town you would find many unhappy spirits below that line; but on your way down you will pass ten thousand who have not reached it. Does the church owe anything to those who have not yet reached it? Or is there nothing to do but to go to the bottom and wait until they have arrived there and then do all that can be done to get them out and start them on the way back to morality and respectability?

VI. There is nothing so illogical, so un-Christian, so inhuman, as this artificial and vicious division of men into the so-called classes and masses. It is a distinction of the devil and made for diabolical purposes. There is nothing so suicidal for the church itself as to turn its whole saving agencies to one of these artificial sides to the neglect of the other. If we look into the example of Jesus Christ, that leader and commander of the church, we find that he made no such distinction; nor did he so confine his attention to one class or line of duty as to leave the other unnoticed or undone.

VII. This division of the community into the classes and the masses has had one specific and disastrous effect.

It has left its impression on the so-called classes that they do not need the Gospel in the sense that they need to be saved. Not feeling themselves included in the masses they feel themselves passed by both by the demands and the activities of the Gospel. Take your own or your neighbor's boys for example: have you noticed that there are saving and helping institutions for the souls of every class but this one? You notice that there are no evangelists rushing up and down these streets of homes asking how these young men can be saved. And the young men involved have not been indifferent to this neglect. They have heard themselves excused and have gone out. No specific effort is made for their salvation until, perchance, they drop down by neglect, to the bottom of the scale, and turn up poor besotten prodigals; then indeed if one is saved it is heralded in public print that the son of a family on the avenue has been converted in a down town mission. It is a merciful thing that there is some one there to save him. Would it not have been a more merciful thing to have prevented him from ever reaching the necessity of that mission?

It seems to me that the teacher of an up-town infant class, going before the sweet faces of her children, is doing as great and as necessary work for the kingdom of God in preventing these lambs of the fold from starving, as her Salvation Army sister, beating her tambourine on the street corner, speaking to the haggard faces of those neglected in their childhood, and because neglected, fallen. It seems to me that the up-town church, standing on the preventive side of human life, seeking to gather into itself the children and youth of self-respecting homes, leading them to the Saviour, training them in Christian living, so that they never shall fall, is of as great importance—of far greater importance—to the welfare of this community and of the kingdom of Christ than any rescue institution of any kind standing at the bottom of the scale. "These things ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone."—Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D.

PRIDE.

Text: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. 16: 18.

Pride is mainly the outcome of civilization and of culture. The barbarian knows nothing of that subtle, absorbing pride that is often felt in the heart of the refined. The Indian's individual life was absorbed in that of his tribe. Civilization has singled out men and has made them conscious of themselves. When self-consciousness becomes exaggerated it gives rise to pride of self. Man begins to think about his own importance and wonders how he is impressing others. Every event that occurs he wonders how it will affect him. Books are good in so far as they enforce his sentiments. A man is good if he ministers in any way to the proud man's pride. If another good man is praised, in his presence, he immediately becomes jealous and begins to parade his own qualities. When an old friend has been touched by adversity this proud man treats him with indifference. Like a great human octopus this proud man sucks everything into his own system to swell his own person. Pride always vaunteth itself.

I. The mildest form of pride is sensitiveness.

The sensitive man is always being wounded by fancied slights, on the street, or at social gatherings. This constant consciousness of being wronged by another wears one out as friction wears a machine. Sensitiveness is the arch-enemy of a man's peace. It is also very annoying to others. He blushes at the innocent remark because he thinks it was meant for him, and pouts at a kind reference to your friend because you have not said something similar about him. In fact, in the presence of a sensitive man you have to select your words and sentences very much as a bare-footed, bare-legged boy selects his steps through a field of thistles. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that the sensitive man thinks too much about self and the things belonging to self. He is a proud man. The strong man rises superior to criticism and to jealousy.

II. It is this forgetfulness of self that is the secret of personal power and a Christian's happy life.

The proud man treasures up injuries. The humble man thinks only of how he may benefit others. One's happiness would be largely increased if he could only forget the slanders heaped on him by thoughtless tongues. How quickly our circle of friendships would enlarge if we could only forget our friend's peculiarities and remember his excellencies. He will make lasting friendships who is able to blot out personal injustices, to forget personal animosities, and who is able to retain in memory's casket, like so many gems, only sweet words and sweeter influences. It must be obvious to all that if life's disagreeable things are constantly kept before the mind, being daily rehearsed and given a new setting, they will increase in their proportion and in their importance.

III. Pride is self-destructive.

The proud man is conceited in his own thoughts and ways. He sullenly refuses to accept suggestions from another. Pride urges him strenuously to keep his own ideas and to get his own way. When he was a boy at school he was vexed because the teacher corrected him. He was grieved when the teacher urged the performance of certain duties. Often these duties conflicted with his own boyish pleasures. Just as often his conceit urged him to neglect these duties for his own pleasure. So conceit forced him into deceit. In later life, to keep up similar appearances of ability where there was none, and of conduct when it was wanting, he resorted to deception in the office and in society. He still struts about the street and men say of him, there goes a proud but ignorant man. "A haughty spirit goeth before a fall."

IV. Then comes the nemesis of this false pride—destruction. The proud man's heart

never trembles in the presence of lofty ideas. His conscience never urges him to the performance of unselfish duties. His sympathies are never touched by sorrow of others. His one ambition is selfish prosperity. The proud man knows that a thousand have fallen because of pride's deception, but he means to watch himself. He ventures. He resorts to questionable business methods, to uncertain investments, to high-class gambling, until a day comes when he is seen fleeing from justice as the thieving fox leaps away from the crack of a farmer's gun. Oh the folly of thinking that one can succeed in life in opposition to the moral order of the world!—Rev. Neil McPherson, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

THE LIGHT THAT GLORIFIES GOD.

Text: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 16.

What must be the characteristics of a light so shining as to secure this result?

I. It must be a pure light. The excrescences on the wick of the candle dim its brightness and render it unfit for purposes of business. So the weakness, foibles and imperfections of Christians dim the purity of their light and injure their usefulness. They are not guilty of crimes against human law, but are sometimes small, penurious, hasty in speech, irascible, self-indulgent in some way, and thus impair their influence.

II. It must be a strong light. The light of the glow worm is a pure light, and also the midnight taper that lights the room of sickness. But the light they give is feeble—not strong enough for business.

III. It needs to be a steady light. The light that flickers is unfit for use. Some Christians are really active only in seasons of religious excitement, and when that is past can hardly be distinguished from the ungodly world.

IV. It should be a cheerful light. Of all men in this world, the Christian should be the happiest; and for such a one to fret and pine, to be sad and morose and ever grumbling, is utterly unworthy of his profession.

V. The light of a Christian should be conspicuous; even as the Saviour said: "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works." Does not this imply that every one who is a Christian should join the church?

VI. The Christian's light should be ever increasing. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Rev. E. W. Cook, D. D.

FAITH AS A BLESSING OR A CURSE.

The above was the startling topic of the morning sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell in the City Temple, London, the last Sunday of 1903. The Friday before was Christmas. On this account many of the regular worshippers were absent (a fact duly noted by Mr. Campbell), but their places were filled by strangers from all parts of London, and every seat was occupied. Expressions of delight and satisfaction were to be heard from the dispersing congregation. One old countryman remarked as he was going out: "That was a beautiful sermon. I only wish we could remember it. I was last here long ago and heard Dr. Parker." In the porch one young man was congratulating his companion on having heard the popular preacher in his best form.

He preached from the words, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11: 24.

Referring to the incident of the cursing of the fig tree, Mr. Campbell said it was an active parable, meant to teach us that a word of cursing might blight a living thing, that faith is a terrible power and must be used aright. "A word could remove a tree, a word could destroy a mountain; by the very same power we can destroy the blossoming good and remove a mountain of evil." "Hannibal set forth to conquer Rome. He marched through Spain and crossed the Pyrenees, but was warned that he could never cross the Alps. The general's reply was that he must go. From that moment the mountain had disappeared. He had faith that he could cross them and he did. In later years an engineer, looking at the Alps and seeing the painful passes by which Hannibal travelled, imagined the idea of a tunnel. From that time the great Alps were gone, and the traveller now rushes safely through the Mount Cenis tunnel. The man who flings his whole character upon an ideal commands that ideal. There may be exceptions, but the rule is that you will get what you desire."

Mr. Campbell instanced the case of John Knox as that of a man who had conquered by his mighty faith. While Knox labored as a galley-slave at Marseilles he saw his native country free and holy. That vision gave him strength to wait and work, and before many years had passed all Scotland was ringing with the eloquence of John Knox.

Mr. Campbell, like Mr. Jewett, illumines his sermons with personal reminiscences. The most striking passage on that Sunday morning was that in which he described an incident that happened to him on the Sussex Downs. He was riding one morning near Brighton, and found himself enveloped by billowy clouds, which had crept up in every direction, and rose so closely that his head came just above them. He could see no path, no sign by which to direct his course, and was wondering whether the next few steps might not fling him down the mountain side. Suddenly he saw a man walking apparently in the sky. It was one of the shepherds of the Downs, and Mr. Campbell knew that he was not walking in the sky, but treading the solid ground. "Where he goes," he told himself, "I can go," so he set his horse's head towards the high path on which the shepherd was walking, and quickly found himself above the clouds. "The Good Shepherd," he added, "knows every step of the way we have to take, and has travelled that way before."

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Text: "He is despised and rejected of men," etc.—Isaiah 53: 3-5.

One of the most interesting studies in the whole Bible is that of prophecy and its fulfillment. It is a remarkable thing that you could turn away entirely from your New Testament, which, of course, we shall never be disposed to do, and read in the Old Testament an accurate account of the birth, the life, the ministry, the sufferings and death of the Saviour. Prophesies and prophesies fulfilled fit into each other making the Old Testament and the New one. They are inseparably bound together and there is no part of the Old Testament which is more precious to us than the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, the heart of which is the text.

I. That Jesus existed as the heroic Christ no one, if he be thoughtful at all, can question. It is a matter of history that at the time of Tiberias the man Jesus was put to death by Pilate, that he rose from the dead and appeared unto his disciples and was worshipped by his followers as God himself. This is history and we cannot doubt it.

There is no question at all about the existence of Tolstoi, Adrian and Finney, these men we know lived, worked and died, and there is just as much to prove that Jesus lived and died as that George Washington did, and that Abraham Lincoln became a martyr for his country.

II. That he was a man we certainly all of us believe.

1. He was a man in his sympathy. He has only to see the funeral procession that made its way from Nain and he apparently forgets the object of his journey on which he came, speaks the word to the dead boy and gives him again to his mother.

One look into the face of the father who comes to him about his boy, as he comes down from the mountain side, and he is apparently unmindful of his transfiguration experience, as he commands the evil spirits to come out of the boy and sends him to his home rejoicing.

2. He was a man in his speech. When he saw the world staggering under burdens too heavy for the people, he spoke forth just that which every heart was longing to hear, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." What did he say about himself? This is the light of his matchless love and wonderful position. The High Priest said unto him in Matthew the 26th chapter and the 63rd verse, "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell me whether thou be the Christ the Son of God." Jesus saith unto him, "Thou hast said," and either he was what he claimed to be or he was an impostor. Which do you say he was?

III. He was despised and rejected. The one before whom the angels veiled their faces was an outcast among men. The one who was the head of all heaven was a pilgrim and a stranger. He was a man of sorrows, the sorrows that came to him because he was to be the world's sin bearer, the sorrows that came when he realized that men were wandering away from God, and your sorrows and mine were all put upon him. No wonder is it that his face was marked more than the visage of any man. He was wounded for our transgressions.

The story of Christ is meaningless unless he is your substitute and mine. The weight of the world is upon him and he is crushed for your sake. He was bruised for our iniquities, they stoned him with stones and smote him with rods and struck him in the face all because of your sins and mine, yet with his stripes we are healed.

Geikie said that according to the Roman custom of scourging there could not have been a space on his back as wide as your two fingers that was not cut with the thongs. We shudder when we think of this at first and then rejoice as we think again that by his stripes we are healed.

IV. His is a completed work. On the cross as he looked back he could say, "It is finished." It is not often men can look back on a finished work. The chisel drops from the hands of the artist before the angel is yet liberated from the stone. But his work is finished and he becomes not our example, not our Saviour because of his teaching nor because of his works, but by the sacrifice of himself, and if you would know what sacrifice means, read Leviticus. It means literally the suffering of the innocent for the guilty. We read that he put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. The Greek word means to "annihilate," or make as if it never had been.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

In I Peter the second chapter and the 24th verse, we read "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye are healed." If you will rewrite this text and substitute *my* for our, *I* for we, and *I am* for ye were, it will read as follows:

"Who his own self bare my sins in his own body on the tree, that I, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes I am healed." And for this good news are we grateful to God.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., Evangelist.

THE CRIME OF SUICIDE.

Text: "Thou shalt not kill."—Exodus 20: 13.

The Scriptures contain this one commandment concerning the taking of life. This law is equally against murder and self-murder.

The number of suicides per 100,000 population is represented to be about as follows: Saxony 31, Austria 21, Switzerland 20, France 15, German Empire 14, Prussia 13, England and Wales 7, Russia 3, Ireland 2, Spain 2, United States 3 5/10.

Plutarch tells that an unaccountable passion for suicide once seized the Milesan virgins. And it was only broken up by a decree that the naked body of every suicide should be exposed in the public streets in full view of the populace.

Tarquin is said to have stopped a similar epidemic among the soldiers of his army by an edict to expose the bodies of self-murderers, nailed to crosses as common criminals, on the walls. This was somewhere near the year 600 B. C.

The first ecclesiastical rule to refuse Christian burial to the self-murderer, in England, was pronounced in 563 A. D. The order still prevails in the Roman Catholic church and undoubtedly accounts in a large measure for the rare occurrence of the crime among its adherents.

In 1670 Louis XIV, of France, announced an edict that the body of every suicide should be dragged at the tail of a cart through the common streets of the town.

In so late a year as 1823 A. D. the English law was enacted ordering that an ignominious burial should be given in case of suicide. The body was to be buried in the public highway, a stake driven through the body and left projecting above the ground, leaving the record of the crime. Forfeiture of goods and chattels to the crown was also added to this penalty.

A law enacted in the state of New York in 1882 will stand for a sample of the statutes on the subject in this country. It made the crime or attempt a felony.

Blackstone pronounces suicide as "a double offense: One spiritual, invading the prerogative of the Almighty, and rushing into his immediate presence uncalled." The other temporal, against society, which has an interest in the preservation of every member.

The law has recognized this among the highest crimes, making it a peculiar species of felony committed on one's self.

I. Self-murder is cowardly. Why? Because it is an unmanly shirking of responsibility—responsibility and clear-headed acceptance of the burdens resultant from our own blunders, mistakes, crimes or failures; acceptance of the due part we must always bear as members of society of the errors and failures and sins of others. The burdens of society are very heavy and every true man must accept his share. The progress and happiness of the world depend upon it. The duty of labor, the honest share in the drudgery, the support of family or dependents.

The man who runs without orders perils every one of his comrades as well as the cause for which they fight. He is ignominiously drummed through the camp and "coward" is the label put on his manhood. The courage to meet the ills and burdens of the world is the quality of all true souls. As Emerson says: "Never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly, or sail the seas with God."

II. Self-murder is immoral. Because the influence of the individual on society is by suggestion. This law is at the base of all the vices. Of all crimes, perhaps none is so contagious as suicide. This is the reason why it is immoral. A young man in a neighboring city took his life with clear intent to escape effect of his extravagant mode of life. He had what one had aptly termed "an automobile power to spend with a wheel-barrow income." Small cause for self-murder. But family, civic society, and church, gave demonstration in public funeral, large attendance and noble tribute to the virtue of the popular fellow, though he was an outcast from earth by his own hand. In ten days three suicides had occurred in the same community, without doubt suggested by that particular case.

III. Self-murder is criminal. It is hardly necessary after what I have said to charge that I wholly believe the act of self-murder to be criminal. The trespass on the right of society to happiness. The false suspicion in hundreds of cases laid at the door of the innocent, charging them with murder. Robbery of others often being the motive. This is in case where the motive is the securing of insurance moneys by the moral, if not the legal, fraud of suicide. In many instances the evasion of the payment of honest debts if the money or property of another be involved in any way. In case of voluntary bankruptcy and fraud upon an insurance company there is only one difference between it and highway robbery.

IV. Self-murder is hellish. The crime of self-murder is more than cowardly, immoral, criminal. I can find no term to apply but hellish. It lifts a hand against the first principles of religion and law: "Thou shalt not kill." It is an act of the arrogant soul which strikes at the very throne of God.

V. Preventive. The instrumentalities of society for combating crime are four, the family, the vocation, the church, and the state.

1. What may the family do to influence men against the crime of self-murder? I suggest that the family may refuse to share any benefits bought by the blood of a suicide, accruing from life insurance, or other monetary or property advantages to be gained only by the immediate death of the member.

The family may insist that only within the lines of most refined sorrow shall the funeral of a suicide be held. In view of the dishonor brought upon their good name they shall permit no public service or burial.

2. Let such vocations be chosen as are most fitting to the taste, talent and natural ability. Let regular habits of business and labor occupy every member of society. With this life-service associate some wholesome recreation or interest to relieve the tension on the nerve centers. But beware of those enticing pleasures which are highly spiced and peculiar to modern society.

3. The church should not, in my opinion, refuse her offices at a private funeral of a self-murderer; but the minister of the Gospel should not be expected to attend a public funeral of such a person, because the influence of the church ought to be exerted to protect the weak and morbid of the community from the subtle contagion of this peculiar crime.

4. The office of the state is to guard the family, the avocations of men, and freedom of conscience in the church. The state may make repressive statutes against the crime of self-murder. It should be made a felony, with penalties, as in New York, against even the attempt.—Rev. Willis K. Crosby.

STUDIES IN NEGLECTED TEXTS.

EASTER THEMES.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

THE INHERITANCE OF HOPE.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."—I Pet. 1: 3, 4.

The hope of the Christian is a lively hope; not a dead hope; not a languid and languishing hope; but a living, vital, active principle. Its author is God; its source is mercy; its medium or channel is through the resurrection of Christ. It brings to us an inheritance which we begin to enjoy here, and shall continue unceasingly to enjoy hereafter. For this inheritance is "incorruptible," that is, imperishable, immutable, incapable of decay. It is "undefiled;" it is not tainted by sin; all its enjoyments are right and good and holy. It "fadeth not away;" it is not like the fading flowers, which exhibit their beauty and yield their fragrance only for a short time and then perish. This inheritance cannot wither; it is always in bloom. How different from the things of earth! It is "reserved in heaven" for all believers. It is "prepared," or "laid up" there, beyond the reach of all enemies. No wonder the apostle burst out with such words of grateful emotion, "Blessed be God."

I. These words are, first, the language of experience. It was as though the apostle had said: "I have this hope; I have it now, and feel its enlivening, cheering, supporting influence. It is a living, vital, life-giving hope of a blessed immortality. "Blessed be God, he has begotten in me a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." It is this element of experience which goes far to make the resurrection of Christ such a source of joy to the world. In some way the hope of eternal life is begotten within us; Christians feel that they are immortal. The stirrings of life are within us, and we do not depend on intellectual arguments alone. The world at large may not understand, may not even credit what we say; but somehow eternal life is with us an experience as well as a matter of evidence. "He that hath the Son hath life." "Because he lives we shall live also."

II. These words are, secondly, the language of humility. It is as though the apostle had voiced his feelings thus: "I know I am not worthy of having this hope; I deserve it not, but wrath instead; nevertheless I have it, and therefore I exclaim all the more strongly, Blessed be God who has begotten in me such a life-giving hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead!" So should it be with us all; so great a hope should lead us to humility, to thoughts of how unworthy we are of such high and blessed things from God's hands. His gentleness has made us great. May his goodness lead us to repentance for having ever sinned against One of such love and tenderness and mercy.

III. These words are, thirdly, the language of adoring love. The apostle in grateful emotion seems to say: "I love him because he first loved me. He has given me a Saviour, one who not alone died for me, but was so great that death could not hold him, and who therefore rose again from the dead to give me this living, lively, life-giving hope of life beyond the grave." No wonder Easter day is such a glad day throughout the world. Every return of the day should kindle afresh in every heart the flame of adoring love.

IV. These words are, moreover, the language of devotedness. The apostle wants us to know that he too belongs to God, that all he is and has comes from God, and so his song is a hymn of consecration.

V. These words are akin to the language of heaven. Praise here is akin to praise there. Praise begun here shall be continued there. In the heavenly temple they rest not day nor night from praising God for his salvation, "saying, with a loud voice, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Let us begin to practice the language of heaven now.

At this Easter season let us say with a new sense of gratitude and appreciation, "Blessed be the God," etc.

THE KEYS OF DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

"I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. 1: 18.

The apostles had no hint of Easter on Good Friday, as they gathered at the rock-hewn tomb to lay away the body of their Lord. It looked indeed as if his work was done, his career closed. They might carry away the memory of his words and strive to keep these ever fresh in their affections; but he himself was gone, gone out of their lives, gone into the death, gone into the grave, for all that sense could say to them. But he rose from the dead, and the church has kept Easter ever since. It keeps it today in recognition of the living Christ, of the Christ who can say, "I am the living one; and I was dead, and, behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades."

I. The rising again of Christ from the dead is one of the most certain facts of human history. This certainty rests not so much upon the contemporary accounts of the resurrection, though these do practically demonstrate to us the truth of the great event, but better still, it is authenticated to us by the life of the church, through all the ages of her history. The spiritual springtime is as real as the natural. The constant quickening of fresh emotion in the hearts of Christian disciples, the unceasing renewal of Christian affections, the freshening up of Christian relationships,

these form a ceaseless evidence for the living Christ, that, "the last Adam became a life-giving spirit."

II. The rising again of Christ from the dead is one of the most happy facts in human history. It is the supremely happy fact to each human soul. The living Christ is the source of the soul's life. It is also the supremely happy fact to the whole church. The living Christ is the source of the church's life. Have you grown disheartened and discouraged because of the coldness, the "deadness" as you call it, of the church? Then God speaks to you by the great parable of the Eastertide and calls upon you to believe that life is mightier than death, and that the Living One will never cease to work his miracles of renewal.

III. The rising again of Christ from the dead is one of the most suggestive facts in human history. A traveller returned from Bermuda wrote, "I have before me a blossom that was picked in the bud in Bermuda more than a fortnight ago. It has opened to a full flower with petals more than nine inches long, and a spread of six inches. It is a sweet breath from the south in these bleak days of spring. It is a rarer delight to see these lilies where they grow. Last month when the blizzard was howling about the steeples of our churches, I stood at the side of a field of lilies, perhaps twenty or thirty acres in extent. A hundred thousand flowers were in bloom in that single field. The air was heavy with their perfume and the bees were humming from flower to flower busy with their golden harvest; and beyond, over the edge of the field, stretched the silver sea." The writer goes on to say, "It was a picture filled with a sense of brightness and hope, faint image of that bright prospect which spread before the eyes of those disciples on their first Easter morning, when the glad message went hurrying from lip to lip—'The Lord is risen.'" Said we not well, the resurrection of Christ is a supremely suggestive fact?

There is a legend, that when Jesus arose from his grave and walked out of Joseph's garden, white lilies blossomed in his footsteps, so that wherever he went bloom and beauty sprang up. The legend faintly illustrates what was true of him all his life long. Wherever he went blessings followed, the sick were healed, the discouraged were cheered, the sorrowing were comforted. And since he has gone from our sight he is no less in the world, for the Easter awakening is everywhere, the new life springs up wherever the Easter message is heard, and new hope is born in all hearts. This is because we know that Christ has the keys of death and the grave.

THE RENDED GRAVE.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—John 11: 25.

"It is said," says Rev. Dr. Gregg, in one of his published sermons, "that a century ago an infidel German princess, on her death bed, ordered that her grave be covered with a great granite slab, and that around it should be placed solid blocks of stone, and the whole be fastened together with clamps of iron; and that on the stone should be cut these words: 'This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened.' Thus she meant publicly to proclaim that her grave never would be opened—never.

"It happened that a little seed was buried with the princess, a single acorn. It sprouted under the covering; its tiny shoot, soft and pliable at first, found its way through the crevice between two of the slabs. And there it grew, slowly but surely, and there it gathered strength until it burst the iron clamps asunder, and lifted the immense blocks, and turned the whole structure into an irregular mass of upheaved rocks. Up and up, through this mass of disordered stones grew the giant oak, which had thus broken the bars of the sepulchre. That oak grows there today a veritable tree of life.

"In every grave on earth's green sward is a tiny seed of the resurrection life of Jesus Christ, and that seed cannot perish. It will germinate when the warm south wind of Christ's return brings back the spring-tide to this cold, sin-cursed earth of ours; and then they that are in the graves, and we who shall lie down in ours, will feel in our mortal bodies the power of his resurrection and will come forth to life immortal."

This is the great, glad fact for which Easter stands and that fills our hearts with hope with its each returning season. Indeed, the Easter blessing, the resurrection hope, is something that abides with us each day and all our days. Yet the gladness is deepened and the hope made to burn in our hearts more bright at the season when the whole Christian world agrees in celebrating the fact of Christ's resurrection.

I. The season is significant of abounding life. Easter comes with spring-tide. The birds sing. The flowers bloom. Buds and leaves shoot forth. All this is significant of the abounding life of joy and hope which the resurrection of Christ introduces. The first Easter morning was preceded by dark hours. The powers of darkness seemed in league against Christ. He had been crucified. His body had been placed in the tomb, and the tomb was strongly guarded by the Roman soldiers. It was cold and dark in the tomb. It was cold and dark in the hearts of Christ's disciples. But a change occurred. On the morning of the third day the Lord of Life and Glory stepped forth from the gloomy vault. Armed sentinels could not retain what they looked upon as mere decaying dust. At once began joyous transformations in human lives. Sad and lonely women came to the grave to do honor to his body, but departed with the news of an empty tomb. Mary Magdalene returned in search of her Lord and found him alive, and hastened back to tell the blessed fact. Peter and John hastened to the spot and discovered confirmation of the testimony of the women. The apostles, at different times and under different circumstances, came in contact with their risen Master and went away light-hearted and hopeful. And the world has been hopeful ever since. The story of his rising is being told, and wherever men hear it a new gladness fills their hearts.

THOUGHTS FROM EASTER SERMONS.

Selected by S. A. WILSON.

THE SEPULCHER IN THE GARDEN.

John 19: 41, 42; Matt. 27: 61.

H. W. BEECHER.

How strange a combination that the cross should have been so near a garden: that the garden should have held a sepulcher. By this grave sit two amazed and grieving women. That sepulcher was to them an evidence of sorrow, an exposition of their infatuation. The noblest experience of pure souls had ended in bitter disappointment. If such a one could be stricken and die, what star was there for hope in human life? They saw only darkness and desolation.

We are all instinctively seeking to plant our life as a garden with the fairest flowers and the best fruits, and none sees the sepulcher among his flowers.

But no garden in the world is without a sepulcher. Trouble and disaster will come. The sepulcher will surely open. In our grief we sit stupefied. And, yet, our Christ is lying, waiting for resurrection. Where death seems to be, there our Saviour is. And, at the end, we find that a garden is not disfigured by a sepulcher. It is Christ in the sepulcher that gives us joy and hope. When the Marys saw the risen Christ, they forgot the trial, the crucifixion, and the burial. Let us have no gardens without a sepulcher with a Christ about to emerge from a fruitful death. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but, "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," and ye shall overcome it also.

EASTER DAY.—Phil. 3: 10.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

This was the Easter prayer of Paul, the only one of the disciples who had not known Jesus on earth, but to whom the spiritual life of the risen Christ was especially near. He was not satisfied to know a truth, unless he felt its influence on himself. It is one thing to stand on the shore and see a great storm; it is another thing to be in the midst of the waves fighting for your life. One is information, the other experience. An unfelt fact is nothing; a real truth takes lives into its power and moulds them. We celebrate on Easter day the rising of our Saviour from the tomb. We say, "Christ is risen," and the response is, "We too, shall rise." But Paul meant more than this by "the power of the resurrection." To him the quality of his life was to be changed, not simply its length increased. The two must go together, the new world and the new man. Christ rising from the dead was no new revelation of immortality—men had believed that before Christ made it surer, perfectly sure. But his great work was bringing that future life into close oneness with this present life.

An echo of the power of Christ's resurrection comes into one's life when for the first time death takes a dear friend. The world beyond the grave is nearer. We know one there. Jesus by his life and death made the closest appeal to every human heart. The strange land beyond death lost its ghostliness.

The life of a Christian is full of Easters; a perpetual renewal of things from their lower to their higher, from their temporal into their spiritual shape and power. The power of the future resurrection is a power of present regeneration. This truth makes the religious life the happiest of all lives; filling one with hope, and a firm assurance that good is stronger than evil.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION A PATTERN OF OUR NEW LIFE.

Rom. 6: 4-8.

F. D. E. SCHLEIERMACHER.

This new life in which we all ought to walk resembles that of the risen Redeemer in the manner of its origin. He must needs undergo the pains of death. Friends put the body into the tomb and rolled a great stone before it, and foes set a watch over it. But the angel rolled away the stone, the watch fled, and life returned anew.

Thus we, too, become acquainted with the new life. An earlier life must die—violently must the power of sin in man be slain. Then the world, sometimes through thoughtless friends, sometimes by enemies, endeavors to hinder the coming of the new life. But the hour comes in which there appears to the soul its life-giving angel. Now, as then, we know not how the angel of the Lord touches the soul in the grave. Secretly life emerges, nor is perceived until it stands forth.

In its nature and manner our new life resembles the life of the resurrection of our Lord. It is still the life of the same man, and intimately connected with the old. We are still the same persons, with the same powers, and sometimes with the scars of the old wounds. As he appeared only to his own, so we can reveal our inner life only to those who are glowing with the same love.

Then there were moments and hours when the risen One was lost to view. We must confess that we are not conscious of this new life as an entirely continuous existence. Too often it is lost to us amid the cares and distractions of this world. But this real life, even when hidden and unconscious, still exists, as the Lord existed.

His resurrection life ended in his return to the Father; our new life should become more and more his, and at last be an eternal life.

Pulpit Power and Eloquence or the One Hundred Best Sermons of the 19th Century (2d edition), has taken its place as the best collection of sermons published. This book is the cream of sermon production, and each contains sermons abreast of the times. Read one sermon a week and your respect and admiration for your calling will increase, and it will strike your mental flint till a shower of sparks start. See page 388.

METHODS—CHURCH FINANCES.

THE WRONG IDEA.

We are very glad this idea is not generally held. Nevertheless we meet it now and then. We mean the idea that the ordinary expenses of modern life constitute a reason why we should be excused from sharing in the expenses of the church. And when we consider it fairly, just about all of our personal expenses are "ordinary expenses." For who is without them? Sometimes people will say, "Well, we can do very little this year," or, "We can't make a pledge this year because we have this or that unusual expense. We had a fire recently or we lost some property or we had sickness or we are trying to pay for our piano or (maybe) our home, or we are educating our son and daughter, or we have to help our relations, or we are paying in some other church, etc., etc." Now when we say, I must be excused this time and let the rest make it up, do we realize that the "rest" have just the same kinds of burdens. If they have not our particular kind, they have some other. Is it quite fair to ask others to bear more burdens that we may bear less? And then for another reason it is a wrong idea. If we are building, or buying, or educating, or investing, are not these very facts the best of evidence that the Lord has prospered us in an unusual degree, and that we above all are the very ones that should acknowledge his goodness in a practical way? Suppose in these very expenses of which we speak, the doctor's bill, for instance, had been five dollars more, would we not have paid it? Suppose the contractor's bill for our home had been $1,050 instead of $1,040, would we have given up the project? Suppose, and suppose, but what's the use? The simple fact is that we will obligate ourselves for very large amounts when they are expended on ourselves, and then we make the possession of these benefits the reason why we should give less to the Lord. Here is a question for us to ponder: "Should not the Lord's people make as definite provision for his work as we make for house rent, tax or any other necessary thing?" In the light of daily blessings this seems like a fair question.—Fred Kline in Good Morning.

THE RIGHT IDEA.

Our young members are catching the right idea with regard to supporting the church. They take a simple and natural view of the case and are gladly taking up this responsibility. We met one of these young members not long since who said she had been searching all day for employment, for the reason, she said, that she wished to be in position to pay something to the church. She subsequently obtained work, subscribed ten cents a week for herself and five for her sister who was too young to earn. This is right, and moreover it is an excellent example. A number of these young people who have employment have met their quota of five dollars a year and two of them have pledged thirteen dollars a year each. Of course! And why not? The world moves. The church ought to move also. In every field of life the rising generation is learning to do larger things, why not in the Kingdom of God? Again we say, the young members have the right idea. The time for young people to begin supporting the church is when they begin to earn something. "According as God has prospered him" is the scriptural basis and the only one for the Christian. As long as one is not earning and some one else can pay for them it is well, but as soon as an income, even a small one, begins, then the other arrangements should not be allowed. Pride, duty and business principles all forbid it, and our young members are being the first to see it. Thank God for the young people, the church's brightest hope. And if the church of today does not attain a surprisingly high ideal, if it can only live before the eyes of younger men and women—yes even boys and girls—so as to encourage, inspire and lead them to greater things, it will not have lived in vain.

The following card, used by the Rev. Willis K. Crosby of Erie, Pa., speaks for itself:

PASTOR'S BLACK AND WHITE CARD.

Kindly check the proper items, give name and address. Then drop the card in the collection basket, or in the pastor's letter box near the door.

A Visitor ———. A new-comer ———. Holding a church letter ———. A sick friend ———. A case of mercy ———.

Desiring—To become a Christian———. To join the church ———. A call from the pastor———. To become a regular contributor to the church treasury———.

Name .....

Address .....

The regular church bulletin, "Week by Week," of the First Presbyterian Church of Chillicothe, O., comes to us with the usual church notices. Its special feature is its artistically decorated cover.

EASTER IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(The following service was used in the Bethany Sunday School in Philadelphia.)

Opening Service.

Supt.—Psa. 19: 14.

School.—Hymn, "Come Thou, Almighty King."

Pastor.—Prayer.

Supt.—What Does Easter Mean?

School.—The festival of the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Supt.—What do you know about old-time Easter days?

School.—Easter lasted eight days. It was the favorite time for performing the rite of baptism.

Supt.—What else do you know about old-time Easter?

School.—Courts were closed. Alms dispensed to the poor. Slaves received their freedom. Daily services were held between Palm Sunday and Easter. The Sunday was called "The Sunday of Joy."

Supt.—What other customs of olden times do we know of?

School.—On Easter day people greeted each other with the salutation, "He is risen." The reply was, "He is risen, indeed." That day the Lord's supper was celebrated.

School.—Hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee."

RESURRECTION SCRIPTURE, Matt. 28.

Supt. verse 1, Mr. C. 2, Mr. S. 3, All teachers 4, Boys 5, Girls 6, Mr. W. 7, Platform class 8, Gallery classes 9, Girls 10, Boys 11, Supt. 12, Pastor 13, School 14, Gallery classes 15, Girls 16, Boys 17, Supt. 18, School 19, Supt. 20.

CONSECRATED BUSINESS METHODS.

How a Chicago Church Has Been Given a New Birth.

Under the leadership of DR. W. A. BARTLETT.

For more than half a century the First Congregational Church of Chicago has been one of the vital forces of righteousness in the city and nation. Located originally in the midst of a populous and prosperous district the force of a gradually expanding business center drove the best and most substantial part of the population to the suburbs. This was the problem which faced Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett when he became pastor two years ago. That he has met the crisis and turned defeat into victory is testified to by the fact that the past year there have been ninety-two accessions to the church, a net gain of seventy, of whom fifty-one united upon confession. The church has not only held its own, but grown, on this difficult down-town field. In a recent interview the editor of The Advance learned some facts concerning consecrated business methods, which might be applied in part, at least, anywhere. Answering the inquiry as to whether the church had won its new success by new methods, Dr. Bartlett said:

"Not new methods, but business methods. The church must be as enterprising and as zealous for success as the business man. For one thing, therefore, we make great use of printer's ink. The printer who does our work might also be called the church printer.

"We employ this in all sorts of ways. Cards of invitation are printed and scattered widely by church members. Cards are in the seats on which strangers may write their names and addresses. Small posters announcing various church services are printed by the thousand and scattered broadcast. We study advertising devices as thoroughly as the merchant.

"Another business method is the use of trained help. The church secretary is a graduate of Moody Institute and was for a time at the head of the mailing department of a large mail order house in another city. She is the pastor's stenographer, conducts the church correspondence, superintends, and classifies and files the church printed matter, and does the thousand and one other things which an accomplished business secretary can do.

"Other trained helpers are gathered in the Men's League, and the Pastor's Assistants, an organization of young women. The ways in which these assist in winning and ministering to others are numberless. These are in fact training schools for Christian workers. Many of the most efficient workers are those who are employed all day. In fact as a general rule it is the workers elsewhere who make the best church workers. There is also a church Visitor, a Sunday School Visitor, a Special Worker among children, who among other things has gathered a company of boys from the streets and who fills two pews with them on Sunday evenings. This will indicate the systematic organized work by trained workers by which we aim to imitate the business man, and win a like success in our sphere.

"When the strangers' names and addresses on the cards of which I spoke are handed in, they are catalogued and it is seen that these persons are called on and invited to come again. There is also a card catalogue of the church members. Cards are sent to them before the communion service and those who are not present are asked to hand them in, telling, if convenient, the reason for their absence. Everyone is made to feel that pastor and church are thinking of him.

"I found my Men's League adopting even more drastic measures, asking its members why they were absent from service and requiring a good reason in good, old Puritanic fashion. And this is not offensive. Really, people like business exactness a good deal more than they do slackness or flabbiness. I never beg and beseech my people to attend service or to give. I present the subjects the best I know how and let them make their own appeal to my hearers as Christians.

"I have lately given myself to expository preaching almost entirely. It is twice as much work, but twice as rewarding. The preacher who chooses a subject and then selects a text for it, or who selects a text and elaborates it, is apt to run into narrow grooves. I think that Joseph Parker was the greatest of preachers for this reason: that as an expository preacher he covered such an immense variety of themes. Just now I am preaching through the Gospel of Mark in this way on Sunday mornings. Last Sunday evening I preached upon the book of Amos. I find the old evangelists and prophets wonderfully easy to apply to present day needs.

"To my mind, if you make a church sweet, spiritual, and strong in religious things, it will be like a ship floating at high tide. It will draw men; it will carry easily the usual church burdens. People will begin to ask, 'What can I do?' Settling the great, radical problem will settle a multitude of little problems."—Ram's Horn.

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS. 303, 363

WHY MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

SOME FAULTS OF THE MINISTERS.

By REV. W. C. KING.

Paul held that some men of his time corrupted, or as differently rendered, adulterated, cheapened or negotiated the gospel. From the study of letters sent me it is evident to my mind that many men hold the same opinion of some ministers of our day.

To adulterate is to cheapen with foreign admixtures, referring to vintners who cheapen their wines. This appears to be exactly the thought of many men touching gospel ministers as they know us—that we are introducing foreign admixtures, and thereby cheapening the value of our message to the community. One says: "Too many preachers are concerned with keeping pace with progress and literature and science, and are being carried away with reform movements, so-called." Now this is not the criticism of an unsympathetic nor uninformed man, but of one who, as editor of a paper that is doing a mighty work for God and men, has a rare opportunity to see the trend of things.

A business man in a distant state says: "The subjects chosen are oftentimes of a secular character with which the hearer is more conversant than the preacher, and the rot often presented as a discourse is disgusting to an intelligent mind. Men want to feel when they attend church that they are to worship the great and good God, and worship does not consist of a 14-mile sermon only, and that foreign to all Biblical thoughts. Men want to know that God comes to their church to meet his people, and that his word is preached. that his praises are sung, that the prayers and petitions are earnest, honest, fervent and life-saving; in fact, that God is given the best in everything. Let the preachers quit preaching on the lives of Daniel Webster, Pocohontas, John Smith. Let them stop preaching on the church of Rome. Let them stop preaching on the liquor traffic, and confine themselves to the promises made at their consecration. Preach the word of the living God."

In a distant city, at a large gathering of men, these questions were introduced as the subject of a symposium, and the following is one of the conclusions formulated: "In answer to your fourth question, we have thought that ministers often lack definiteness. There seems to be no aim when preaching a sermon. Again, we rarely hear a sermon preached on man's obligation concerning the Sabbath, and only once in years have we heard a sermon preached on family worship."

A man in Halifax, N. S., writes: "Preaching which is taken up with critical philosophics and hair-splitting theories have little interest for the average workingman whose greatest problem is one of bread and butter. Too little interest is displayed in the physical and material welfare of men. A young man sitting beside me (a school teacher) says that the preaching he hears is too much taken up with the events of the past and that he is more interested in the present and the future and in ways and means of making these what they ought to be." And a thoughtful man in San Francisco writes: "People do not stay away from church generally from any particular hostility to church work, but simply because they see nothing to go for. Sensational preachers, if men of ability, can always get good audiences because they give the people something that interests them; men go to that church for the same reason that they go to the theater, and get about as much real good in the one place as in the other. There has grown up of late years a very general scepticism in regard to the vital truths of Christianity. Twenty-five years ago Gladstone said that the most marked feature in the spiritual life of men in his day was 'the decay of the sense of sin,' and more emphatically might he say it now. Men do not believe themselves sinners. They do not go to church because they feel no need of the church. Most of our preachers very rarely preach about God's holiness and sovereign claims of men, the lost estate of all men through sin, the atoning sacrifice of Christ and regeneration by the Holy Ghost —three vital doctrines. A late number of a religious paper of Boston gives over two columns of fine print to titles of forty sermons by eminent men in various churches. Many of these themes must have greatly interested their hearers, but not one of these sermons —judging by their titles—was intended to lead lost men to Christ. Now, why should sinful men go to church if they do not feel themselves to be sinners, and will there learn no way of getting rid of sin? Men are indifferent to the church because of general spiritual indifference."

Here are two contributions which were evidently written by men of affairs in the spirit of truth and soberness: "Ministers too often lose sight of the high calling of their priesthood and preach themselves, not Jesus Christ. They are too often afraid of wounding their hearers' feelings by strong condemnation of wrong, and their sermons are lacking the feeling that is only evident when sympathy with the divine exists." "Modern pomposity has taken the place of primitive simplicity and sincerity. An entertainer is one thing; a preacher is another and quite different thing. A true preacher will have a spiritual following."

But there is another serious phase of the question which is put very plainly by several writers, namely, that the gospel is cheapened by men who undertake to preach it without natural or acquired ability for doing so. One clearly states it thus: "There are too many persons in the ministry who should be at something else—men who are in no sense adapted to the work they have chosen, hence they fail to properly instruct and are able to but feebly impress people in general. Many are unfitted by nature and unprepared by grace for their work." A railway superintendent in the state of New Jersey writes: "I think one of the strongest reasons why men do not go to church is that they have so little given them when they do go. In my opinion the ministry is not keeping pace with the pew in intelli-

gence and thought. This is a reading and thinking age, and the brightest minds are not giving themselves to the ministry; hence the average Christian minister (though perhaps ahead of those of forty years ago) is below the average in other callings and professions. Men see better openings outside the pulpit, and many men that know they cannot make a living anywhere else go into the ministry. The membership is much to blame for this state of affairs for, of course, the salary paid ministers does not keep pace with the amount that bright men in other callings can earn."

One reason for the impression recorded above is no doubt the fact that so many men do not, through indolence or wicked waste of time, make the preparation for the pulpit which they should, and hence do not do their best when there. This fact is presented by the following correspondent, who is editor of a great daily paper in the States: "I believe the principal reason why educated men, lawyers, newspaper men, teachers, business men, etc., do not go to church is because of the poor quality of the average sermon. It is tiresome work to sit and hear a passage of scripture butchered up, displaying lack of preparation or lack of ability, especially if one has some time made a study of that particular passage himself in an intelligent fashion. There are just about four ministers in this city, out of thirty, who can—or who do—preach a logical, spiritual sermon—the Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Episcopalian, and the latter is spoiled by the accompanying mummery, for it is very high church. And I do not believe I am a harsh judge. As a newspaper man I have heard all of them, I think. Most of them begin nowhere, harrangue you for an hour with a lot of stock phrases, and end up nowhere. In my notion it is lack of preparation. A few Sundays ago, my wife and I went to hear a Methodist minister in this part of the city in a special sermon on Wesley. I had read a magazine article, a brief one, on the same subject, and if I could not have arisen without preparation and told the congregation more interesting facts and drawn more lessons from the life of Wesley than was done on that special occasion, I do not deserve to ever read another article on any subject. Yet he has a large congregation and a big church, receiving a salary that ought to pay him for at least a few hours' work per day, provided he wants his pay in that way. I was not surprised that the men were scarce. I shall not be myself at that church hereafter, though it would be convenient to us when we have no services of our own down in the city, or when we find it impossible to go there. There was a fair attendance of women—not, as I take it, because they were satisfied with mental and spiritual food of a poorer quality, but because their adherence to convictions of duty were greater.

"Now, there are a good many more things I could say along this line, for I feel pretty strongly upon it, and believe it is a fault in more cities than this. I might say before I quit that the four ministers I have mentioned, especially the Lutheran pastor who is by far the clearest thinker in the city, have as good attendances of men as they need wish—sometimes outnumbering the women. And it is because the men feel that they get something when they go. Sifted down to the bottom of the barrel, the remarks I have been making, as well as some observations that I have not remarked, indicate that one reason why men do not go to church is laziness on the part of the preachers in not preparing something worth listening to for them when they do go."

One whose words have been quoted with profit under another head, has this to say: "There is a growing tendency on the part of those whom God has called to minister to our spiritual needs to select popular themes with a view of entertaining the masses rather than ministering to their needs spiritually, and a preacher's success is beginning to be measured even in our churches from a worldly standard, i. e., the size of its congregation and its social activity rather than the number of souls born into the kingdom and the number who attend the weekly prayer meeting to be fed upon the living word." There is a vicious circle here for, while the churches are thus affected, it must follow that the ministers will follow likewise. Some have been and are battling bravely against the commercial spirit and deserve only sympathy and support. Others have turned aside and entered business life. Still others have "adapted" their consciences to the times and are simply studying to please and amuse the public, and devoting their magnetic powers to selfish ends, thus securing salaries that provide the luxuries they crave. They are not misers, but merely spendthrifts.

A correspondent in Richmond, Va., testifies that he "knows of cases in his city where the pastor and his family hold aloof from a large part of the membership of the church because of the 'social status' of the aforesaid members, and the fact is heart-rending to one who wants the Lord's cause to move forward." Being a matter of the heart rather than of outward circumstances, this greedy anxiety for more money is not confined to men occupying large or wealthy churches. Some of the most covetous men I ever knew among ministers were in small churches, yet constantly restless for a call with more money back of it. The trouble is in the heart; it lies in the fact that men preach for money, not in the amount of money their greed permits them to take, though when that is too large it becomes open scandal. And what a brood of evils does covetousness in the pulpit bring forth! Well might holy Richard Baxter write (and, by the way, is it not a very significant fact that all great saints have been poor men?)—"Think not of being rich—seek not great things for yourself or posterity. What if you do impoverish yourself to do greater good; will this be loss or gain? If you believe that God is the safest purse-bearer, and that to expend in his service is the greatest usury, show them that you do believe it. I know that the flesh and blood will cavil before it will lose its prey, and will never want something to say against this

duty; but mark what I say and the Lord set it home to your hearts—that man that hath anything in the world so dear to him that he cannot spare it for Christ, if he call for it, is no true Christian. Oh, what abundance of good might ministers do if they would but live in contempt of the world and the riches and glory thereof, and expend all that they have in their Master's service, and pinch their flesh that they might have wherewith to do good. This would unlock more hearts to the reception of their doctrine than all their oratory; and without this singularity, religion will seem but hypocrisy; and it is likely that it is so."

One man claims that there are "too many unconverted pastors."

The chief justice of a state writes, touching question four: "The fervor of the spiritual life existing at former periods is not apparent now. That there is a vast amount of good work done is undoubtedly true, but the work is not carried on with that tremendous earnestness which the importance of the subject demands, and which would be manifest if they had a deep conviction of the truths of the Christian religion. Religious success is the result of conviction, and no great movements can result from an indifferent or lukewarm spiritual state."

What Dr. Robertson Nicoll says on this point is very important just here: "Further this message is always a secret given by the Holy Ghost, and blessed by the Holy Ghost. No book, no earthly teacher, can ever impart that hidden wisdom without which a minister must be a thing of nought. A minister must in his inmost soul live through the struggle and the victory. Nothing avails at all in this connection except an immediate and original experience of salvation."

Some one remonstrated with McCheyne for visiting the bedside of a dying man on a peculiarly busy Sunday afternoon, when he replied to this effect: "It is good for me to have a look into eternity before looking into the face of my congregation." After this one is not surprised to read these words, found in an unopened note that lay on his table, after his sudden death: "Pardon a stranger for addressing to you a few lines. I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said, as the manner of speaking it that struck me. I saw in you the beauty of holiness I never saw before." All of which is emphasized by these lines written for us by Mr. J. Willis Baer, so greatly beloved by the Christian Endeavor hosts the world over: "What men want in these days in the church is something to send them out into the day to bear their burdens more easily and to help other people to live. 'Live and let live' is one motto; 'live and help live' is another. Let me quote what one man had to say recently: 'It isn't the minister's business to figure in the pulpit, but to be transfigured in it.' For, when there is more transfiguration in the pulpit, you will not find men figuring how to attract crowds."

Vancouver, B. C.

NO GOSPEL WITHOUT ATONEMENT.

A Book With the Right Ring to It.

We refer to the volume published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, entitled "The Death of Christ," of which Prof. James Denney, D. D., of Scotland, is the author. Many are the passages checked and underscored in our copy. That last chapter (IV.) on "Its Importance in Preaching and in Theology," is almost all covered with pencil marks, so many parts did we wish to reread and think over.

Here are some sentences; judge for yourself if you can afford not to read the whole:

"The death of Christ is the central thing in the New Testament, and in the Christian religion as the New Testament understands it. . . . .

"The simplest truth of the Gospel and the profoundest truth of theology must be put in the same words—He bore our sins. . . . .

"To preach the love of God out of relation to the death of Christ—or to preach the love of God in the death of Christ, but without being able to relate it to sin—or to preach the forgiveness of sins as the free gift of God's love, while the death of Christ has no special significance assigned to it—is not, if the New Testament is the rule and standard of Christianity, to preach the gospel at all.

"Many ministers have suffered from the charge of not preaching the gospel, and have resented it as an injustice. In any given case it might quite well have been so. There are those who are unable to separate form from substance in thinking, and who are only too ready to believe that if the familiar form in which the truth has been expressed is varied, the substance is being injured and dissipated. But it is not saying a hard or unjust thing to say that in some cases the charge may not be groundless. It may be made not merely by the unintelligent, who fail to distinguish form from substance, but by the simple Christian spirit which has the anointing from the Holy One, and knows instinctively whether that by which it lives is present in the message it hears or not.

"There is such a thing as preaching in which the death of Christ has no place corresponding to that which it has in the New Testament. There is preaching in which the New Testament interpretation of Christ's death is ignored, or carped at, or exploded. We do not need to argue that no man can preach the gospel until he has absorbed in his mind and heart the whole significance of Christ's death as the New Testament reveals it; in that case, who could preach at all? But it is not unjust to say that no man will so preach as to leave the impression that he has the Word of God behind him if he is inwardly at war with the idea of atonement, constantly engaged in minimizing it, maintaining an attitude of reserve, or even of self-defense, in relation to it. We may take it or leave it, but it is idle to attempt to propagate the Christian religion on the basis and with the authority

of the New Testament, unless we have welcomed it with our whole heart. . . . .

"The words of the revival hymn, 'Jesus paid it all, all to Him I owe,' have the root of the matter in them; and however inadequate they may be to the interpretation of Christ's work and of Christian experience as a whole, they are infinitely truer than the most balanced, considerate, or subtle statement which denies them. Hence, whatever the motive which prompts criticism of such forms, we should be sensitive to the meaning they bear. Even if we think they are morally inadequate, and leave the new life unprovided for, we should remember that in the New Testament the new life is the immediate response to the very truth which such forms convey. The new life springs out of the sense of debt to Christ. The regenerating power of forgiveness depends upon its cost: it is the knowledge that we have been bought with a price which makes us cease to be our own, and live for him who so dearly bought us.

"And we should remember also that it is not always intellectual sensitiveness, nor care for the moral interests involved, which sets the mind to criticize statements of the atonement. There is such a thing as pride, the last form of which is unwillingness to become debtor even to Christ for forgiveness of sins; and it is conceivable that in any given case it may be this which makes the words of the hymn stick in our throats. In any case I do not hesitate to say that the sense of debt to Christ is the most profound and pervasive of all emotions in the New Testament, and that only a gospel which evokes this, as the gospel of atonement does, is true to the primitive and moral Christian type."—Bulletin Bible Teachers Training School.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RELIGION.

In the interesting series of articles on Mr. Roosevelt by Jacob Riis, appearing in the Outlook, we quote the following:

There is yet one side of Theodore Roosevelt upon which I would touch, because I know the question to be on many lips; though I approach it with some hesitation. For a man's religious beliefs are his own, and he is not one to speak lightly of what is in his heart concerning the hope of heaven. But though he is of few public professions, yet he is a reverent man, of practice, in private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. His is a militant faith, bound on the mission of helping the world ahead; and in that campaign he welcomes gladly whoever would help. For the man who is out merely to purchase for himself a seat in heaven, whatever befall his brother, he has nothing but contempt; for him who struggles painfully toward the light, a helping hand and a word of cheer always. With forms of every kind he has tolerant patience—for what they mean. For the mere husk emptied of all meaning he has little regard. The soul of a thing is to him the use it is of. Speaking of the circuit-riders of old, he said once: "It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it, the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Because of it, deep beneath and through the National character there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal upon which the safety of the nation will ultimately depend."

He himself declared his faith in the closing words of his address to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City the night before he surrendered his stewardship as governor into the hands of the people; and so let him stand before his countrymen and before the world:

"The true Christian is the true citizen, lofty in purpose, resolute in endeavor, ready for a hero's deeds, but never looking down on his task because it is cast in the day of small things; scornful of baseness, awake to his own duties as well as to his rights, following the higher law with reverence, and in this world doing all that in him lies, so that when death comes he may feel that mankind is in some degree better because he has lived."

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OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

By LEN G. BROUGHTON.

The fourteen chapters of this work, which comes from the press this month, contain the practical suggestions for the solution of many vexing problems of the church of today. It contains lectures and sermons that have built up one of the largest churches in the south, the 115 illustrations being carefully indexed according to subject and scripture.

The price is $1 net, but we will prepay the postage on all orders received during March. F. M. BARTON, Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN'S THREE DEFINITIONS OF GOD.

Text: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ."—John 20: 31.

Of all the original twelve apostles, the apostle John left for all time the legacy that is of the deepest and most varied wealth.

How far and wide and high John's thought went—what it compassed and applied; what ranges of relation it beheld—this appears in three great declarations and definitions, which, under the revelation that is in Christ, he made concerning the essential and immutable nature of God.

These three resolute conclusions are: "God is Light," "God is Spirit," "God is Love."

These are final truths; and for John's grasp of them, all that he wrote being in evidence, Christ accounts and Christ only. Every estimate of God, then as now, is colored and fashioned by the soul's estimate of Christ. Light, spirit, love; where either of these three is, there, in degree, God is; and where God is, there these three are.

I. Light is a motion and a communication. It is a creative relation. It is a thing, and darkness is not a thing, but an absence, just as silence is negation of sound. A finer skill in physics may yet co-ordinate or even identify these two sets of vibrations, proving that sound is invisible color, and that color is inaudible sound. Then the ear and the eye are complementary, and we have two senses of the same thing. Then sunlight is only music in an upper scale and harmony is a vision. But truth, spoken or written, is still communication. Light is not only a medium and an agent, it is an author. Strictly the ether is the agent and the light is that which travels it. Sight is the effect and also the end intended; but the wire that reddens under the electric charge, and the leaping nerve that receives the charge—these are not electricity itself. Force is not an agent, but a manifestation—back of the thrill is will. The waves are messengers, but the message is the communication of a being who understands how to receive it. Light is the communication of being! "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light." "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He begins his story where Genesis began. The gospel, too, opens with the all revealing Light. Creation is one with Christ.

II. Spirit. What is it? What is it not? John saw sense and substance obey the authority of a spirit. He recalled that Christ said, "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you," and thereupon, under the conviction that the Unseen had revealed the compatibility of spirit with a veiling and a limiting form, and that he had beheld the glory of the Word "By whom all things are made," he wrote "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, ... He hath declared him," and reported his word, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is spirit "that ordereth all things." Not a soulless word, but personal mind, all in all.

III. God is love. To love is to live. Really to live is to seek not one's own. Paul was taught by the same teacher in that life whose ideal has its utterance in the 13th chapter of the Corinthian letter. The various testimony is providential—its authority is one. "He that loveth not knoweth not God." "Every one that loveth is born of God." Love is procreative.

But John had seen love bear and bleed. He knew love face to face. He understood what love would do to bring itself near to a world that lust had wrecked, and to heal the hearts that ache by love's loss. Did Plato, or Aristotle, or Leibnitz, or Kant, or Bacon ever uphold such an all-encompassing finality? Here is a greater man than Newton, for love is the law of the soul's gravity. Love is of God and unto God. "He that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him."

There were three qualities or characteristics of the apostle John that were reflected and summed up in these three profound and crystal affirmations. These personal habits or aptitudes are shown in the temper and bearing of all that he wrote. He inadvertently, yet entirely, reveals his own nature in what he pens. It was because John was himself so susceptible to certain influences that he was so fit to impart them.

1. First, he is shown to have been remarkably intuitive and reflective. The deepest chords of his being responded in music to the tones of his Master's discourse, and to the power and pathos of his deeds. John so meditated and pondered that the great reality was clear to him. And bye and bye he wrote, and the book—from the oracular prologue to the simple epilogue that quietly wonders at the inexhaustible wealth of the material—is the Gospel of Light.

2. John, again, was a man of lofty imagination. It is a great faculty. No one is immortally instructive without it. It sees the invisible. It foreknows and foretells. It is mature and positive. It does not discuss, it declares. It takes the wings of the morning. To it space is but a terrestrial term, and time is no longer. Under the presiding conception that the Eternal Spirit had in the person of Christ shown himself concrete with man, John views all light and life *sub specie eternitatis*.

3. Last and ever this John was a great lover. His meditating and exalted soul knew also that affinity and affection for a friend who could satisfy the depth, which taught him the inmost and uttermost God. He writes to all who love as his "little children." He has survived priest and imperator, the torch, the sword, the lions, and the mob. His venerable face is bathed with the soft forelight of a swiftly approaching joy. Anti-Christ troubles him no more. He sleeps. And still at this long remove he who guided that pen of John's would fix us upon the spirit, the light, the love, it registered. "These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ."—M. Woolsey Stryker, D. D.

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

HE GOETH BEFORE YOU.

BY RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

[From advance sheets of Russell Conwell's "Gleams of Grace." To be published by F. M. Barton.]

"Behold, he goeth before you into Galilee."—Matt. 28: 7.

In Jerusalem, in 1868, a wise old monk told me a most interesting tradition—a combination, no doubt, of fact and fancy, like many others which he related while showing us over those sacred fields. But this one was so new to me, and so permeated with the clearest of gospel truth, that I tell it to you this evening as near as I can as it was told to me.

When it was rumored through Jerusalem and the coasts thereof, that the Nazarene Prophet had risen from the dead, people everywhere feared to meet his ghost. They avoided every lonely spot by day, and double-locked their doors at night, for fear that they should see Jesus. Only those who loved him in the flesh dared or wished to see him in the spirit. But Jesus after telling his disciples to meet him in their old home in Galilee, left behind him the scenes of his sorrow and sacrifice, and turned his glorified face toward Galilee. He glided over the path with angelic lightness, and with a strange halo about him, passed softly out of the city gate, and down into the valley, following studiously the path which he knew his disciples would take on the following day.

In the valley where the path turned toward Emmaus, he saw a large field of grain waving and gleaming in the afternoon sun. It was still green, but the heavy heads bowed gracefully to Jesus as he looked benignantly upon it. He suddenly stopped his walk, looked up to heaven a moment in prayer, then stretched out his hands toward the field of grain and said:

"Ripen, ripen, O ye corn blades. Let every grain be dry and hard when yonder sun shall set."

On he glided, flitting sweetly through the fields and woodlands. On the hillside, near to Emmaus, he saw a rich merchant sleeping by the side of a refreshing fountain. Bags of gold lay under the merchant's head. Weary with a long journey, the traveler's sleep was deep. Jesus paused a moment by the chattering streamlet, and then dextrously untied the bags of gold, and let the shining coin run forth into the grass and dry leaves which formed the merchant's bed.

When he reached the plateau in the highlands where Emmaus village stood, he passed the door of a workingman's low cottage. He heard the voice of prayer. His tender heart was moved. He listened at the door. Then in invisible form he entered through the closed door. There at his bedside in the settling shadows of evening the poor man prayed for work. "O dear Lord, send me honest labor by which I may support myself!" Jesus heard the prayer, and turned away; but the praying one felt in his heart that strange sense of spiritual presence which told him unmistakably that his prayer would be answered. He arose from his knees, and rolled himself in his coarse blanket, and, supperless and alone, slept a sweet sleep of peace. Jesus, on passing out the cottage, saw near the door a fresh and vigorous apricot tree. He seized it with a powerful grasp, and, twisting its top about, crushed it to the ground, leaving it bowed and broken.

On he hastens as the night deepens, leaving a curious glow on field, valley, and hill as he passed. Near Shechem he hears again the voice of prayer. This time it comes from a widow's home. Into it he unhesitatingly enters. There by the side of her boy's little bed the widowed mother kneels and prays. The child's face is wan and wrinkled with the tortures of a deadly disease. His eyes are rolling back in his head, and he is passing from consciousness of this world to that of the other. "O dear Lord," prayed the mother, "spare to me my only child. Oh! send Jesus of Nazareth to me as he came to my neighbor at Nain! Oh! send me some help! If thou wilt hear my prayer, and save my child, all I have shall be thine. Thy people shall then be my people, and Thy will shall ever be mine!" Jesus was there by her side. She could not see him. She did not know that he held his hands over her in benediction. She did not see him as he bowed his sweet face and kissed the dying child. But she did see, when she arose, an unaccustomed smile on the boy's face, and she did feel an inward sense of restfulness she could not account for. "Mother," said the boy, "please give me some water. I dreamed that God kissed me." "I have prayed that Jesus, God's prophet, might come to heal you, my dear. Perhaps he will come soon," said the mother.

On went Jesus' hastening feet down into the valley toward Shechem. Again a voice arrests his attention. It is the voice of hunger. A poor woman lies in her hut near the path, moaning for bread. Jesus hears the sad groan, and touching with his staff a huge boulder above that path which passed her humble home, the great stone rolled thundering down and blocked all onward passage, directly in front of the pauper's hut.

He is nearing Nain at the midnight hour, when the touching bleating of a stray, shivering lamb attracts Jesus' attention. It is afar up among the rocks, and evidently imprisoned in some dangerous cleft. He pauses. He turns aside. Up the cliffs he clambers. Peering downward from a lofty perch into the dungeon-like cave below, he sees the shaking lamb, left all alone to die. Tears glisten in his angelic eye. He imitates the sound of its mother's bleat. He utters the tender cry of the shepherd. "You shall be saved! You shall be saved! Only wait till the morrow, dear little lamb!" From a rift in the rock near the spot, a large azalea

tree was budding for the spring. Jesus tenderly shook it, and into full bloom it sprang in a moment.

Forward again he speeds, until in his circuitous course he drew near to Cana. He determines to look in upon the home of the pair whose marriage feast he attended three years before, and where he turned the water into wine. It is late. But a dim light is burning still. Some one may be sick.

But no. As he glides silently and unobserved into their apartments, there sit the weeping husband and wife. By them, in dear little cradles, two beautiful children softly sleep. But the parents sit and whisper and weep. "Only one more sheep left! only one more! O Benjamin, what will we do to keep from starving when that is gone?" "I cannot tell, Salome, but I do wish we could trust in the Lord. David said, 'Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Let us try to trust him. In some way he will feed us and our little ones." Together they knelt to pray. But Jesus, passing quickly out into the night, lifted his staff as he passed an upturned boiling pot by the threshold, and thrust it through the bottom of the pot. Then quickly withdrawing it, he passed on to Nazareth. He went to his dear old home on the hillside, and walked about the silent and deserted homestead, he wrenched a board from the grain-box and let a flood of grain run on the ground.

Over the hill and across the valley he went, until, at the dangerous entrance of the Arbela Valley, he took a young tree and planted it securely in the middle of the path, and then turning squarely up the hillside he descended by another ravine to the shore of the beautiful blue sea of Galilee. The morning was approaching, and, away out on the tossing waves below Bethsaida, he saw an overturned boat. Out upon the unyielding waves he walked, and drew the boat to the shore, anchoring it securely in the sand. Then he wandered along the shore, where he found four abandoned oars. He brought them, and threw them about upon the shore as if they had been washed in by the tide. Then, when sunrise came, he passed across the mountains, where he used to go to pray.

Early on the following morning, all was bustle and hurry at the home of John, in Jerusalem, where the disciples were preparing for their journey homeward to Galilee. With their heavy sticks, and bundles of various sorts, the party started forth from the western gate of the city. Peter bore the heavy sack of flour from which the disciples purposed to make their meals. But he murmured not, for others had an equal load of some other necessary article. Down in the plain, they passed a wide field of grain, yellow and ripe. The owner of the field, seeing a company of hardy men passing his farm, hastened out, and called after them, saying: "Travellers! travellers! Do any of you desire employment? My field has suddenly ripened, and it must be gathered at once. Come and help me. I will pay large wages. Come." But the disciples kept on, with the answer, "We have other work to do."

On they went, until they came to the hillside, where the path led upward to Emmaus. There, weary with their burdens, they threw themselves down in the shadow of a rock, where a fountain burst forth into a rippling, singing stream. Thick grass and dried leaves invited them to lie down upon the sward. While resting their limbs and quenching their thirst, John detected some shining article among the leaves. On close inspection, he found, to his surprise, that it was a gold coin. The eager disciples then searched the leaves, and found many more. "Now," said impulsive Peter, "we can buy our food. I can now leave this heavy bag behind!" "No, no," said John; "followers of Christ must not waste the food he gives us. Let us carry the flour on until we find some one in need of it."

Thus agreed, they lift their bundles, and travel on. Soon after they passed a cottage where the owner was carefully bracing and staying a broken apricot tree; and he called to the travellers to lend him a hand.

"Hard, hard fate this, neighbors," said the cottager. "This tree has been especially dear to me, and would have borne full this season. I needed this tree, especially now that I have no work and am so poor. It seems so strange, too, as only last night I prayed to the Lord to help me to some work, and I felt my prayer was answered. But, when I got up in the morning, I found, instead of good, this broken tree. Oh! the Lord deals hard with me."

"No. no," said Bartholomew, as he helped stay the tree. "If this had not been broken, we should not have stopped, and now out of this evil will come good; for down on the plain this side of Jerusalem there is a large, ripe grain-field, and that farmer wishes very, very much for workmen such as you. He will pay you high wages; go to him at once. It may be God's hand was in this matter in some way.

Onward through Emmaus, and away towards Shechem they travel on, until, overcome by the heat of the sun, they seek some shade, and some cistern water. They seemed to be in a barren waste; no shade and no water. They sink down on the parching ground and cover their heads with their cloaks, suffering from thirst.

"Strangers do you want water and rest?" asked a woman's voice near them. They started in astonishment. "If you need either my home is open to you. Is the prophet Jesus one of your company?" eagerly asked the woman. They told her Jesus was dead, but risen again; that he was not in their company; and then they eagerly followed her around the hill to her comfortable home. They found a sick child there, over which they prayed, and it was healed. "Oh!" said the widow, "I am glad I sought Jesus, for in my search I found you. Perhaps it is just as well. God knows."

Soon, refreshed and happy, the Christian company bid their kind hostess adieu, and

cheerfully hasten on. Suddenly their way is blocked by a huge boulder that had fallen into the narrow path. There seemed no way of getting around it, and they were uncertain whether the safest and nearest way to reach the path again would be around the hill to the right, or across a ravine to the left. "Friends, wait here a moment," said James, "while I go up to this hut and inquire."

When James reached the hut, he found a poor emaciated woman, who most piteously begged for food. "Oh," said she, "dear stranger, I have prayed the Lord for food, and he has sent me nothing. Now, will you not do something for me?" James called to Peter hastily, saying, "Here! Here, now, is a place for our bag of flour. It will not be wasted here." The rejoicing woman, forgetting God and thanking man, pointed out to them the nearest way, and on they passed into Shechem.

Stopping for the night at a wayside inn, now made comfortable by the delegated influence of gold coin, they started early the next day, taking the road toward Nain.

"Ho! ho! friends. Look! look! See that great azalea tree," startlingly shouted Andrew. "What beauty! It is long ahead of the season." All the disciples stopped in their climbing to look at a gorgeous azalea tree that bloomed so like the burning bush in a rocky cleft above them. Nathanael desired to get a branch of the first flowers of the mountain springtime. After some discussion the company decided to sit down and wait for Nathanael to secure the flowers. When he reached the brilliant tree, a tender, patient bleat of a stray lamb could be distinctly heard. Nathanael's heart was moved with pity. He at once searched for the lamb. It had fallen into a deep cave, and was evidently abandoned by the shepherds. Nathanael called to Peter, and together they lifted the trembling, grateful little creature out of its prison-house. Forgetting the azalea altogether, they carried the lamb in triumph to their companions. Down in the next valley they found the flock and the owner. Happily restoring the stray one to its own, they went on discussing why there should be need that such innocent creatures should be offered up for the sins of others. What does sacrifice for sin mean?

Soon they drew near Cana. The highway took them over the high hill above the town. As they came to the crown of the hill, a column of black smoke and bitter cries came from a cottage yard near the road. Fearing some person was in distress, Peter, John, Andrew and James leaped over the hedge, only to find a wailing couple, weeping and crying because, in trying to extract the tallow from a carcass of mutton, they had used a broken pot. The fat ran through a hole in the bottom of the pot upon the fire, and, blazing up, consumed the whole within the great pot, as well as that which ran out. They seemed very wretched. But the travelers turned to pass on before they recognized the place. "James! James!" shouted Peter; "these are the persons we saw three years ago with Jesus at the marriage where he turned water into wine."

At once a new interest was awakened. Old friendships were renewed. When it was found that the young married pair were very poor, and that they lost their all in that disaster, because of the broken pot, and also that they had two beautiful children to feed, impetuous Peter at once offered to take the young man into the fishing business, which he still owned at Capernaum. Both parties, happy in future prospects, parted with many grateful embraces.

As they drew near to Nazareth, in that somewhat circuitous journey, they said, "Let us visit the Lord's old home. It will be pleasant to tell his mother about it when we go back to Jerusalem." So they took the path above the little village of Nazareth, and came by a nearer route to the old homestead. But when they came in sight of it, they saw crowds of people all about the old home, while the air above the house was dark with doves. Rushing forward to find the cause of the multitude, they were told that for some reason the doves had gathered by the thousands about Christ's old home, and that they had mysteriously opened for themselves a passage into the granary. "Let's build a synagogue! Let us build a synagogue here!" shouted the superstitious multitude. "The doves are sent of God! Let us begin today and build a synagogue."

But the disciples had set their faces toward the Sea of Galilee, and, leaving behind the founders of the synagogue, which afterwards became the great asylum of the Crusaders, the disciples started toward the Arbela Valley.

Before they came in sight of the sea, a strong bush was seen growing directly in the center of the path. It was a strange thing and caused much speculation. James said it must have been set there to warn travelers of danger along the cliff path below. Peter said he was going on down that path whether James did or not. Matthew said that, so long as there was doubt about it, they had all better take a safe path and go over the heights. "Who knows," said Andrew, "but some one who knew we were coming this way put this bush here to save us from death? I think it is one of God's warnings, and I shall go the other way." At last all turned aside and crossed over in a plain path to look upon the Sea of Galilee, just as the gorgeous sunset hues of the skies were reflected with beautiful distinctness by the glassy blue and silent lake. Home! home! What a home Galilee must have been to its natives when Jesus was there too!

As the skies grew dull and shadows fell on Capernaum, Bethsaida and the sea, the weary disciples walked along the shore somewhat undecided where they should meet Jesus, and thinking about some lodging for the night outside the town, for Jesus had told them not to enter into the cities. As they wander thus, somewhat aimlessly, they come to a large boat drawn upon the shore, and about it lay four unbroken oars. "Ha, ha!" said Peter at once; "let us go

a-fishing! Come, friends, we can take one of these nets out here drying, and here is a boat all ready that is evidently abandoned. Come, come! let us go a-fishing!" Some fall in with the idea, and some do not; but at last, at the personal solicitation of the old fisherman who would enjoy it so much, they all get in and shove off from shore.

But the fish seem to be gone. Again and again they draw the net. Not a fish. Again and again they try the old well-known resorts of fish. They failed to find any. All night they toiled and toiled, and when day dawned, ashamed and weary, they turned their boat toward the shore. When they began to row slowly for fear of shoal places near the shore, they saw a man on the shore cooking fish. Soon after they first saw him, he called out, "Have you any fish?" "Not one!" shouted Andrew. "Put out your net where you are on the right side. Plenty of fish there," said the stranger.

"Let us try once more," said the disciples, encouraged by the fact that the stranger evidently had caught near by the fish he was cooking. The great net sank, the boat swung around, and they began to draw. But the net was full of great fish. "Miraculous! miraculous! See the net breaks! Miraculous!" John kept his eyes on the stranger, and started up quickly when he heard his companions say, "Miraculous!" and, pulling excited Peter close to him, whispered, with sharp emphasis, "It is the Lord!"

Quickly forgetting net, fish, boat and comrades, the fiery Peter leaped into the shallow water and rushed splashing to the shore. But Jesus bids him return and bring in the fish before he comes to worship and to eat with him. Oh, that simple breakfast on the shore! With what wonder, as they sit and eat with Jesus, to hear him ask about their journey. What surprise to hear that he had been along the same path before them! What joy to feel that all the work he had prepared for them all the way from the ripe field to Nazareth they had done! What joy to see how Christ provided them gold for necessities, water in famishing, and warnings at the robber valley of Arbela!

BOOK REVIEW.

If any minister is so unfortunate as to have in his congregation those who have been fascinated by the teachings of the New Theosophy, he will find "The Little Green God" a valuable book. Whether or no this is the case, he will do well to spare an hour for its easy reading. An ardent little missionary in speaking of the prevalence of this fad among Christian women, added: "It just makes my blood boil." And after finishing this masterful story one understands why the heart of any loyal Christion should burn with indignation at the condition portrayed. The pathos of it all is mirrored in those words of the Master which make so fitting an introduction to the story. "And one shall say unto him, 'What are these wounds in thine hands?' Then he shall answer, 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'"

One reviewer prophecies that this little book will make a sensation. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago.

"A Preacher's Story of His Work," by W. S. Rainsford, is the story of the efforts, the failures and the triumphs of the life of Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Church, New York, told by himself. It is an exceedingly interesting and suggestive book. He realizes the problem before the church of today, of reaching the present-day people, though some of us might not agree with all of his methods.

"One Thousand Poems for Children," is a collection ranging from rhymes for the little ones up to poems for the youth. It is especially full in its selection from the older writers of a generation past. Edited by Roger Ingpen.—George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

PREACHER'S PRINTING.

We have received several copies of the "Pulpit and Pew," a small paper published weekly for the Methodist Episcopal churches of San Francisco. Each church has its own column of local notices, besides the general denominational news. The plan emphasizes the connectional bond among the churches of the same faith.

We have also the "Weekly Calendar" of the First Baptist church of Lansing, Mich. One good idea is the "financial statement of envelopes deposited last Sunday with the amounts found in each." The numbers only of the envelopes are printed, and opposite each is the amount given. The entire report of 200 envelopes occupies a space of only about three by five inches. Each contributor understands his own account only. Objections that are sometimes made to the undue publicity of a report of names and amounts are thus obviated, and the feelings of the sensitive are respected.

The Rev. W. H. Walker, pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of Los Angeles, Cal., sends us his notices of a series of special meetings, and a very neat letter which seems to have been sent to neighboring pastors. We reproduce the letter:

Los Angeles, Cal., 2/18/'04.

My Dear Bro:—

Sunday morning, Feb. 21st, we begin a series of special meetings in Calvary church, to last for two weeks or more, with Rev. F. L. Norton, of Long Beach, in charge, and Miss Smale to assist in singing. We should be grateful for an interest in your prayers, that the blessing we feel we need may be given through this instrumentality. We should be glad to have yourself and a company of your people spend an evening with us during these services. If you can arrange to do this, let us know when you are coming. Wishing you every spiritual good in your own work,

Fraternally yours,

William H. Walker, Jr.

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Issued APRIL, 1904 Monthly

STATISTICS AND COMPARISON OF CHURCHES.

See pages 444-445.

The following tables are reproduced from Dr. H. K. Carroll's church statistics in the "Christian Advocate," of New York. They give the figures for the United States only.

The net gains of all denominations last year were 2,340 ministers, 2,647 churches, and 482,459 communicants. A curious fact is that the net gains of the communicants are 72,955 less than those of the year before, while the increase of ministers is 1,001 more than last year, and the increase of churches is 1,430 more than last year's gain. Dr. Carroll accounts for this strange fact by saying that the large increase reported by the Roman Catholic Church in 1902 was an abnormal one, really covering more than one year in several dioceses.

The six denominations reporting the largest gain in communicants are, in order, Roman Catholic, African Methodist Episcopal, Southern Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Methodist Episcopal, and Methodist Episcopal, South.

All Methodist bodies increased 112,946; Baptists, all kinds, gained 61,146; all Lutherans, 36,567; Presbyterians, all branches, 26,506; Protestant Episcopalians increased 15,209; and Congregationalists, 6,855. Concerning the absolute strength of the principal denominations, we find them ranked as follows:

1. Roman Catholic	9,762,264
2. Methodist Episcopal	2,822,765
3. Regular Baptist (South)	1,777,466
4. Regular Baptist (Colored)	1,625,330
5. Methodist Episcopal (South)	1,533,766
6. Disciples of Christ	1,235,798
7. Presbyterians (Northern)	1,044,161
8. Regular Baptists (North)	1,023,438
9. African Methodist Episcopal	785,000
10. Protestant Episcopal	773,261
11. Congregationalists	659,704
12. African M. E. Zion	551,591
13. Lutheran Synodical Conf	546,341
14. Lutheran Gen. Council	362,658
15. Latter-Day Saints	300,000
16. Reformed (German)	255,880
17. United Brethren	248,878
18. Presbyterian (Southern)	235,142
19. Lutheran Gen. Synod	216,926
20. German Evan. Synod	209,791

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Our regular Prayer Meeting Department this issue was omitted by error. We would be glad to hear from those who are using it. Abundance of material for prayer meeting will be found in the material for Easter.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

CHRIST'S SELF SURRENDER: AND OURS.

April 4.—Christ's power over his own life. John 10: 17, 18. Christ surrendering his life. Luke 22: 47-71. Our self-surrender for Christ's sake. Mark 8: 34-38; Luke 6: 20-23; Acts 20: 22-24.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED FOR US.

April 5-11.—Christ's motive in the crucifixion. John 10: 14, 15; 15: 13. The story of the crucifixion. Luke 23: 33-46. Christ's object in the crucifixion. Gal. 1: 3-5. The meaning of the crucifixion for me. Gal. 2: 20.

THE VICTORIOUS CHRIST: AND OUR RISEN LIFE.

April 12-18.—The story of the resurrection. John 20: 1-20. Our life with the Risen Christ. Col. 3: 1-17.

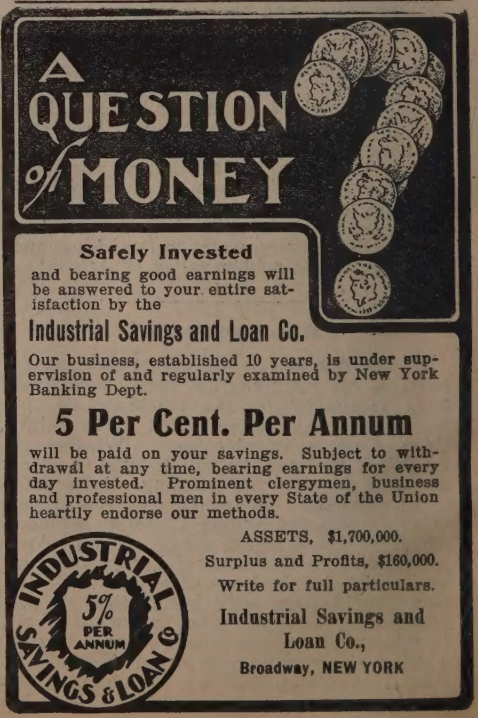
CULTIVATING THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

April 19-25.—Keeping company with God. Is. 57: 15; 1 Cor. 1: 9; Rom. 8: 9-11; 1 John 1: 3-7; 2 Cor. 13: 14.

Fellowship with God. Fellowship with Christ. Fellowship in the Spirit. How to keep company with God.

April 26-May 2.—Conditions of living at our best. Ps. 34: 12-22; Col. 3: 12-17.

Walking with God. Recognition of his presence. How shall we learn his will? What is our ideal of the best living? How are we working toward it?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